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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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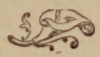
SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS

FROM SEPTEMBER 1725 TO MAY 1732.



SWIFT'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MR. POPE.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grande monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.* I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels,† in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and

* The liberties of St. Patrick's Cathedral.
† Those of Gulliver.

dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is, to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations: Lord-treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world give it one lash the more, at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: It is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell;) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*.* Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, (though not in Timon's manner,) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it

* These and similar passages contain a great deal of wild and violent invective against mankind, which has been perhaps too hastily adopted as expressive of Swift's actual sentiments. It ought, however, to be remembered, that if the Dean's principles were misanthropical, his practice was benevolent. Few have written so much with so little view either to fame or to profit, or to aught but benefit to the public.

immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica.*

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady* whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels:

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* Pope meant Mrs. Howard, as appears by his answer.

but, however, he is not without fault: there is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord-lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left (of which he has not been thrifty), but I wonder he has no more discretion.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

October 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our vortex. Here is one,* who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another,† who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than that of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P.‡ is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason: if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where,

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* Bolingbroke. † Lord Oxford.

‡ Ambrose Philips, with whom Pope had a well-known feud.

having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In George's reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferred for wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady* whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind, since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body or being; *paulo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our

---

* Mrs. Howard. Gay trusted to her influence as the prince's mistress, not aware that the real governess of the family was the princess herself, who, though indulgent to her husband's gallantries, was sufficiently jealous of her political influence over him, and never failed to disconcert all the schemes of those who hoped to rise by Mrs. Howard's interest.

former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I would not tell you what designs* I have in my head (beside writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucalt's† principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my years in yours and their service. Lord Oxford, too, (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in everything that is addressed to you, or comes from you,) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the

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* This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which, he supposed, might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for Rochefoucalt, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature.—Dr. WARTON.

† "Who is the great philosopher," says Addison, "for administering of consolation to the idle, the curious, and the worthless part of mankind."—Dr. WARTON.

period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He, too, is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So, adieu. What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkeley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme.* Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disney † so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour, and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad people, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber; the first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner:—

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew;
The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.‡

---

* His scheme for a religious settlement at Bermudas.—BOWLES.

† Duke Disney is often mentioned with affectionate and familiar kindness by the party. He lived at Greenwich, as appears by Gay's ballad:

"I hear facetious Disney say,
Duke, that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay."—BOWLES.

‡ See Pope's ballad, beginning,

"Whoe'er of February last,
In Flying-Post the news saw," &c.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, Oct. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope, to convince me that you are of the number; and I know that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that, had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new impostures (as they call them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham has an imposthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the Dean of St. Patrick's revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove, by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is

all. As for your book, (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it,) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published.* But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to see you, and am most sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

---

* The Dean had said Gulliver's Travels should be printed so soon as he could find a printer brave enough to risk his ears. See the preceding letter to Pope, p. 3.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, Oct. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the Dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am, with great respect, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OXFORD.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and, in my conscience, you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord

Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi.* My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before the letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea; I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** † is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church; yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys

---

* Philips, doubtless.

like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together: and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you, after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him; however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame,* it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand

---

* "I desire fame," says a certain philosopher, "let this occur: if I act well, I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance; and what is all the rest to me?"—Dr. WARTON.

pardons, and so leave you for this time, and I will write again without concerning myself whether you write or not.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DR. STOPFORD.

WRETCHED DUBLIN, IN MISERABLE IRELAND.

November 26, 1725.

DEAR JIM,

I HAD your kind letter from Paris, dated Nov. 14, N.S. I am angry with you for being so short, unless you are resolved not to rob your journal-book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of K. C. I. will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your retnrn from Italy; for my Lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and says you look on him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you see him when you come back. Your other correspondents tell me, that Mr. G., beside his clothes, lost £200 in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers well; but I suppose the queen was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their

subjects. I think you are justly dealt with: You travelled with liberty to work your slavery, and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be so great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual, with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the house of commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, opposing the court in their unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country seem to be laid asleep. I have said and writ to the lieutenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus:* This is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the king's being dead, or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world; Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the Dean of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons. You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parme, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would

buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands, with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers, are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for anything but giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady;—What would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provost has absolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live. I excused your bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums. Our Dean Maule and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the church, and make wise speeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week, to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance. The primate and the Earl of Cavan govern the house of lords. The A.B.D.* attacked the same in the castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Welsh black,†

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* Archbishop of Dublin.

† It should probably be printed Walth. for *Waltham Black.* These were a gang of deer-stealers, who made themselves notorious under this nick-name, and were at length broken up in consequence of the murder of a game-keeper.

which the other excused, alleging he was preferred to it by Lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer-stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, step to Muscovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you fo a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction: Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at anything you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandised by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing

his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius,* that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you: others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you, for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot, than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s† himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of anything in this world, he is more than

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* Or Pope with Tibbald, Concanen, Smedley, &c.—Dr. Warton.

† Philips.

mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a divine. Gay is writing tales for Prince William; I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons, one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he will take it ill, to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it; none more, be assured, than

Yours, &c.

P.S.—Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers; if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect,* that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly

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* Very different is the opinion that Lord Shaftesbury has given of Seneca, the person here alluded to. "'Tis not," says he finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the style and manner of this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions; we own the patriot and good minister; but we reject the writer. Where an universal monarchy was actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned, he surely must have been esteemed a guardian angel, who, as a prime minister, could, for several years, turn the very worst of courts, and worst-conditioned of all princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero."—Characteristics, Vol. iii. p. 23.—Dr. WARTON.

angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination; define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio* and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England than I was in France.

Yours, &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.*

DEAR DEAN, Wednesday. (About 1725.)

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish

* For this lady the Dean had at one time a great regard, which he evinced by the interest he took in her distress, at the untimely fate of her husband. See Vol. III. p. 61. She appears, however, afterwards rather to have lost his good graces, for at p. 93, he makes mention of her "diabolical temper."

you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

—o—

TO LORD PALMERSTON,*

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.

Dublin, Jan. 1, 1725–6.

MY LORD,

I AM desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town, to write to your lordship upon an affair he has much at heart, and wherein he has been very unjustly and injuriously treated. I do now call to mind what I hear your lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago at my recommendation, to give Dr. Ellwood a grant of a chamber in the college, which is at your disposal; for I had then some credit with your lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your lordship in one point. When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Ellwood's continuance in the college: but, he growing to be a senior fellow, and requiring more conveniences, by changing one room, and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore

* The following three letters illustrate the coldness which subsisted between Swift and the representative of his first patron, Sir William Temple. They are very well written on both sides, although Lord Palmerston might have spared the ungenerous reproach of Swift's dependence upon Temple.

those who now derive under the doctor, have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another during the term of his lease, and take a more convenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your lordship immediately; for Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor, or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies or leaves the college, the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterwards rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom, who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here. But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding. And, whatever your lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain

Your lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD PALMERSTON.

MR. DEAN, Jan. 15, 1725–6.

I SHOULD not give myself the trouble to answer your polite letter, were I as unconcerned about character and reputation as some are. The principles of justice I hope I have learned from those who always treated you in another manner than you do me, even without reason.*

You charge me with injury and injustice done Mr. Curtis; he is still in his chamber; till he is turned out, none is done him, and he is satisfied with my proceedings, and the issue I have put it on. Your interest with me (which, if ever lost, such letters will not regain) procured Dr. Ellwood the use of that chamber, not the power to job it. Your parallel case of landlord and tenant will not hold, without Dr. Ellwood has a writing under my hand; if he has, I will fulfil it to a tittle; if not, he is as a tenant at will, and when he quits, I am at liberty to dispose of the premises again.

Whoever told you Mr. Stanton was dismissed, because you recommended him, told you a most notorious falsehood; he is the young man I suppose you mean. The true reason was, his demand of a large additional salary, more than he had before my time; so he left the office, and was not turned out.

My desire is to be in charity with all men; could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired into this matter, or if you had any regard to a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false

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* Sir William Temple.

report to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you have declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These refinements are past my low understanding, and can only be comprehended by you great wits.

I always thought in you I had a friend in Ireland, but find myself mistaken. I am sorry for it; my comfort is, it is none of my fault. If you had taken anything amiss, you might have known the truth from me. I shall always be as ready to ask pardon when I have offended, as to justify myself when I have not. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

—o—

TO LORD PALMERSTON,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.*

Jan. 29, 1725–6.

MY LORD,

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to; I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage

* This letter was formerly printed from Swift's rough draft, which he has dated Jan. 31, and indorsed, "An answer to Lord Palmerston's Civil Polite Letter." But Mr. Nichols was favoured with the loan of the original, from which he adopted several material alterations, here retained. The noble lord, to whom it was addressed, has written on the back of it, "Not answered." So that here probably closed for ever Swift's intercourse with the family of Temple.

relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon at his request I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange if, on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern, farther than as he was employed by me on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I knew from himself, and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, it is certain no law can compel you; but to say the truth, I then had not law in my thoughts.

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line, full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did you the least injury, or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to Sir William Temple, for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house, on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This

I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Stanton, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to the family (as you express it) was a restraint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers.

When I mentioned my loss of interest with you I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to shew when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage: But as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this point alone we

are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you, as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

My Lord, your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Tuesday, Three o'clock,
April 5, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been at your lodgings* this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the

* Then in London. This was the commencement of the Dean's acquaintance with Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales; which her majesty dropped upon her accession to the throne, and her reconcilement with Sir Robert Walpole.

honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

Jo. Arbuthnot.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time.

—o—

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

The ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. Medlycott * will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more.

I hope you are all well.

I got no voice † at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

Jon. Swift.

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* Thomas Medlycott, Esq., member for Westminster, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

† For his cathedral choir.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

Saturday Evening.*

ONE of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's Green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account. Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

April 28, 1726.

MY LORD,

YOUR lordship having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole,† I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the

* Indorsed "1726, in summer."—N.

† This remarkable paper justifies what has been said in the author's life as to his interview with Walpole: for it cannot be supposed, that in a paper to be put into Walpole's own hand, the Dean would, contrary to truth, have represented a conversation which turned merely on his own wish to be removed to England, as a remonstrance offered by him to the minister upon the grievances of Ireland. The neglect of the advice here offered seems to have given new fuel to Swift's dislike of Walpole.

morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me; to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see Sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever: and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design; for, I saw he had conceived opinions, from the example and practices of the present, and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall, therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people, who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king * and his family.

First, That all persons born in Ireland are called

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* King George I.

and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.*

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by Queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge, it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly, That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like

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* In this passage the Dean limits, in a singular and unworthy manner, the claim of the Irish to the privileges of British subjects. It is plain that the native Irish had no place in his thoughts, nor, however oppressed or miserable their condition, were they considered, by any party at this period, as worthy the rights of Britons. This was owing to the conduct of King William, during whose administration, the native, or "mere Irish," as they were contemptuously entitled, were treated much like a subdued people.

may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependants, to whom they give their countenance; and who, consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman in their family, born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments, granted in reversion, are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink anything better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scottish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts; and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge agree, that England gains annually

by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more, so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland, it ought, perhaps, to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a-year; and, reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four-fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despisable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit; while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from free-born subjects, would be a question in any other country except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness, than can be shewn in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as Sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider, especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the Revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's

most obedient and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, London, July 8, 1726.

I HAVE had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnston's health, and, as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less

wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my £1000,* which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole,† I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon further says, that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than Doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription; and people will so wonder how

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* Swift had an order on the exchequer for that sum previous to the death of Queen Anne, but it was never paid. He alludes to it in a letter to Pope, 30th October, 1727, where he says, "I forgive Sir Robert Walpole a thousand pounds, *multa gemens.*"

† Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.—H.

the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over: and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy* is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, &c., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention anything of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend † with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that

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* His butler, mentioned in the verses on Stella's birth-day, 1722–3, Vol. XIV. p. 471.

† Ambrose Philips.—H.

one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine-cellar, in France, to pass away winter in ;* and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order, I would certainly accept of it ; and I wish she could go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the meantime borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions ; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human crea-

* Lord Bolingbroke invited the Dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire.—H.

ture. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises.* And indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery: which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in.† This I leave to your dis-

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* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnson's danger, in tenderness to the Dean.—H.

† This hint Swift repeated upon another occasion. Even during the extremity of distress which he sustained at the apprehension of Stella's death, he remained stubbornly fixed, that, living or dying, their marriage should remain concealed.

cretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must aways leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the back side blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know farther) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letters still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule,* as I am

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* Dr. Henry Maule, promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, Sept. 6, 1726; translated to Dromore, March 20, 1731, and to Meath, May 24, 1744. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the Protestant charter schools in Ireland for the

told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary, since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

—o—

TO DR. STOPFORD.

Twickenham, near London,
July 20, 1726.

DEAR JIM,

I HAD a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland, for which I readily thank you; and Robert Arbuthnot swears it is an original. I did not answer you because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N.S., yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of £900 a-year, and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived about two months with Mr Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my licence of half a year will then be out. I came here to see my old friends, and upon some business I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little conse-

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reception and education of children of Papists, which have met with great success—F. The Dean alludes to the general expectation which was entertained, that he would gain some promotion through the favour of the Princess of Wales. It was even reported, that he had been offered the vacant bishopric of Cloyne. See the next letter.

quence. The people in power have been civil enough to me: many of them have visited me. I was not able to withstand seeing the princess, because she had commanded, that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence, upon the late death of the Bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first minister, and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the lord-lieutenant, whom I treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland; and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest

friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which, a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England; where it will be at least easier to find some repose, than upon the spot.

If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest; that if you must leave your college, for the reason you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of one thousand pounds, and trust to industry and friends, and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country, and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate

way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but distinguish yourself. You have the advantage to be a native of London; here you will be a freeman, and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party.—Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS* OF TWICKENHAM, JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN.†

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm,‡ and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this

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* From this address to the three poets, then residing together, under the name of *Yahoos*, it is plain that Swift's manuscript of Gulliver's Travels had been canvassed by the brotherhood; and that Gay's ignorance with respect to the author, as expressed in his letter of 17th November 1726, was entirely affected. Yet Mr. Sheridan, in his Life of Swift, seems to have thought that Gay and Pope were really under some doubt concerning the author of Gulliver's Travels upon the first appearance of that singular production.

† John Gay.—H.

‡ The country residence of Lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middlesex.—H.

great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you farther proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business, will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle.* Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the Banks of the Severn,
July 23, 1726.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 27, 1726.*

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated

* This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. But Swift's agony of mind, so forcibly expressed in the following letter, rendered him unable to bear the constraint which even Pope's society imposed on him, and shortly before his departure for Ireland, he left Twickenham and went into lodgings in London.

if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina, could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable. I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ you about a week ago.*

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* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went back to Ireland; but Mrs. Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727.—H.

TO MR. POPE.

London, August 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner: for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled everybody's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen farther than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you; this I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart)

Entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, August 6, 1726.

At the same time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you,) I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of September, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out: and since it is not likely that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the licence till the first of September; and if I come not, I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter, but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at Chester, whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

Jon. Swift.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

August 15, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or eleven days hence: for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but, however, if I am not with you by the second of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come: but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

August 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man: you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent: I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter,* or the pleasing prospect of Byberry,† but your idea must be joined with them: nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester; I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to

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* Cirencester † Byburry.—BOWLES.

your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription,) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

"Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras,* &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

—o—

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM, September 1, 1726.

BEING perpetually teazed with the remembrance of you, by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid, made in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown so expert, that in this kind of stuff they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance,

* This celebrated, yet unhappy lady, was sister to the first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and wife of the Honourable Charles Howard, who succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk, by the death of his brother. She was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and had the misfortune to please the prince, afterwards George II. Her situation must have been sufficiently uncomfortable, for her husband was worthless and brutal, her royal lover neither generous nor amiable, and her mistress too jealous of power to permit any share of it to the favourite, though she connived at her husband's gallantry. Mrs. Howard is said to have obtained the good graces of the Prince of Wales, from being the confidante of his unsuccessful attachment to Miss Bellanden, afterwards Duchess of Argyll. As she had all the appearance of influence, many courtiers sought her favour as a sure road to promotion. These were uniformly disappointed, for the influence of Queen Caroline, always most powerful with her husband, was secretly exerted against those who chose this contraband path to favour. The intercession in favour of Gay is supposed to have made shipwreck upon this concealed rock. Many curious anecdotes respecting Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, are to be found in Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

that you may be clad in Irish stuff, and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament-man from whence you had that plaid; otherwise, out of malice, they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say, that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the Dean of St. Patrick's; who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present, at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompence, I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drunk by five hundred weavers, as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add, that I am no courtier, nor have anything to ask. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for anything is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I had for anything that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect, madam,

Your most obedient and most obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

September 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me, (though that gave me a great deal;) for, to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir Robert Walpole,* who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us; he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you, I cannot help thinking, (when I consider the whole short list of our friends,) that none of them except

* Walpole perhaps foresaw an approaching union between the Dean and Pulteney, and was probably not unwilling to give opening to a reconciliation, which might prevent such a coalition. But the hint, if it meant anything serious, was given too late; for, as appears from the conclusion of this letter, a correspondence was already opened between Swift and Pulteney.

you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The doctor * goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time; another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France † to be fit for Wales: Another ‡ is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she § that leads him, too rich to enjoy anything. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas; and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. Pulteney takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he has only to thank his ill fortune; for if I am

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* Arbuthnot.

† The Marchioness de Vilette, Lord Bolingbroke's second wife.

‡ Mrs. Howard.

§ The Duchess of Marlborough was long a patroness of Congreve. How much she merited the character here bestowed upon her by Pope, appears from the miserable ennui expressed in her own diary.

not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.*

To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence. "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out; yet to me those that are in shall be as those that are out; and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

> "Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
> Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,†——

I am, and ever shall be,

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, Sept. 3, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my Lord Chetwynd's; and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly

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* Pope seems already to have anticipated those points of Pulteney's character, which he afterwards expressed by the celebrated line,—

> "He foams a patriot to subside a peer."

† Whether Timavus or the Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast.
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I do not like. Mr. Pope tells me that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you do not like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter.* Do not let your expectation be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

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* Probably something relating to the establishment of the Craftsman, a periodical paper, through which Pulteney long assailed the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, and to which Swift occasionally lent his powerful assistance.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much further they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no further into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

London, Sept. 16, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go further from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately

escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed.* The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the singer, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor Park to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town. I dined and supped on Monday last with Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday, by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the

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* See Lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated Sept. 22, 1726, p. 64.—H.

Fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Lancelot sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him. Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up. I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time; if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend

and servant,

J. Gay.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then I considered that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord-lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully and barbarously confined me to two lines a-month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying anything in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you; she has written about it. Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned: for the footman

was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat;* for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds everybody more than me, except what concerns my interest.

My dear friend, farewell.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, Sept. 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER,* who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a

* George Faulkner.—F.

letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder * letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now is, that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befell poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned; the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand † was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been

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* A Chedder letter is a letter written by the contributions of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder, in Somersetshire, where all the dairies contributed to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.—H.

† Pope afterwards felt some difficulty in writing, and otherwise using his right hand. See a subsequent letter of the 8th March.

extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, Oct. 22, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that everything was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers: for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a

joke; but it is really so; the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before;* but I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard, and some of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook: and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the sauce-pan, I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum.* As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I should be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I will venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guildhall improved. I have not a friend who has got anything under my administration, but the

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* In a letter of September 16, Gay says no tendon is cut; he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.—H.

Duchess of Queensberry, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinson * so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and in the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my Fables soon after Christmas. The doctor's book † is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you will expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy Queen. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford: ‡ Mr. Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a visit to Sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been

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* A great friend of Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John, Earl of Winchelsea.—B.

† Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins, &c —B.

‡ Dr. James Stopford, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and advanced to the Bishopric of Cloyne in February 1753.—N.

in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard * were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to Lord B———, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean Lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but he is expected every day. If you mean Lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St. James's-Square, or to the other at Burlington House, in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney: and, I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I do not know but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage.

Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P.S.—I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall Mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt † for stewing veal:—

"Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or steal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a stewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;

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* Afterwards Countess of Suffolk, from whom Gay at this time had expectations.—H.

† This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. Pulteney's cook, mentioned in the former part of the letter, versified.—H.

Then * what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle,
That which kill'd King Will,†
And what never stands still ;‡
Some sprigs of that bed §
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinage and endive,
And lettuce and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all ;
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal ||
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About,—let me see,—
Thrice as long as you preach :¶
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O then ! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter ! "

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* Vulgo *salary*.—GAY.

† Supposed *sorrel*.—GAY. The name of the horse which fell with King William, and occasioned his death.

‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be *time* or *thyme*.—GAY.

§ *Parsley*. See Chamberlayne.—GAY.

|| Of this composition see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.—GAY.

¶ Which we suppose to be near two hours.—GAY.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the Captain Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers' names.† I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry work.‡

I made my lord archbishop's § compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your

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* Captain Tom was a cant name for the ringleader of the mob.

† To "Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations."—B.

‡ Thus it appears Arbuthnot was no stranger to the author of Gulliver.

§ Probably Archbishop King of Dublin.—B.

plaid* for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt † in time. I gave your service to Lady Harvey.‡ She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was writ on her, to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper § about quadrille, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out for a long time. The ladies imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess

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* The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland to Mrs. Howard.—See his letter of the 1st September.

† This refers to "A Key to the Lock: or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled, the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."—H.

‡ The beautiful Molly Lapelle. Every reader will remember the exercise upon a given termination, which is mentioned in the next sentence.

§ Written by Mr. Congreve; and printed in Almond's Foundling Hospital for Wit, No. 93. It is an exceedingly coarse piece of humour.

who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in everybody's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping, and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. Dean Berkeley* to be our manager.

I had the honour to see Lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

Jo. Arbuthnot.

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* He formed a design of fixing a university in the Bermudas.

FROM MR. POPE.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind, can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other,* like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London, since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections, (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them,) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte†

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* See the preceding letters of Arbuthnot and Lord Bolingbroke, 20th and 22d September, for the manner in which he met with this accident.

† The publisher. Pope's ignorance, though gravely averred, is certainly affected. The state of the post-office, where they did

received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach; by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard, her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? you are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say of Mr. Pulteney, by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years' observation of the great world.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."*

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs: let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way,) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those

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not consider their letters as altogether inviolable, was probably the cause of this indirect mode of discussing the merits of the work, in which Pope is imitated by Swift himself.

* "To follow any party leader's call."—S.

times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be at most but half your friend, and sincerely, I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

—o—

FROM MRS. HOWARD.*

Nov. 1726.

I DID not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.† I am of opinion many

* Indorsed, "Nov. 1726. Answered 17th."—N.
† See Gulliver's Travels.—H.

in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,* and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the big-endians, and lesser-endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.† May we not hope, and with some proba-

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* In Gulliver's Travels, high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.—H. Whig and Tory were alluded to in this familiar metaphor.

† An impostor called Mary Tofts, put such a trick upon the public at this time, and met with credit even among medical practitioners.

bility expect, that in time our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms!

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO.*

—o—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM. Nov. 17, 1726.

WHEN I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down, you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer,† although, at the same time, I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages, in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the

* Sieve is a name given by Swift, in Gulliver's Travels, to a court lady.—N.

† In which it is said that the Lilliputians, like the ladies of England, write from one corner of the paper to the other. Vol. XI. p. 72.

weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness, that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to shew the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices, and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which, I suppose, was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I possess one talent

which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for, as the world, with respect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram, by which is meant the ministry, butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words, I assure you of my being, with truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,* and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors† least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

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* See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simpson.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.—WARBURTON. Probably, also, because he was sensible of the injustice of the satire upon mathematical and physical science.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion: this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit: so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declares to us that he resolved to be hanged; only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Nov. 17, 1726.

About ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week: and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people

give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequences to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man.* Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes: and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship.† You may see by this that you are not

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* It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures virtue and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt and worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice.—WARBURTON.

† See extracts from her Diary to the same purpose, Vol. III. p. 88, *note;* and Vol. XI. p. 12, *note.*

much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed lords and commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ;* which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg., at furthest. But to us your friends, the

coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town, you know, you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a houyhnhnm) have treated him as a yahoo,* and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

November 29, 1726.

SIR,

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught

* By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work.—Dr. WARTON.

me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Everybody (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words, and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend * the doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration, equal to any of Cicero's, from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names just upon the appearance of a certain book.† Women bring forth rabbits; ‡ and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded, not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician,§ who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the Inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would

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* Probably Arbuthnot.—H.

† Gulliver's Travels.—H.

‡ Mary Tofts pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.—H.

§ The Dean.—H.

persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera.* For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes: at one time a drapier; * at another a Wapping surgeon; † sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay, more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets, in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to Captain Gulliver: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person: and now who but Captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment.

Sir,

Your affectionate tar.

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* In the Drapier's Letters against Wood's halfpence.—H.
† Lemuel Gulliver.—H.

TO MR. POPE.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present;* which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney.† Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependance a state of slavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or minister will see us or not: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

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* The present to the Princess of Wales of Irish stuff.

† In his letter of the 16th November, Pope had gently and kindly remonstrated against the Dean's involving himself in a party warfare by too close an alliance with Pulteney.

Since you have received the verses,* I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve; and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a ninepenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.* Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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* A just character of Swift's poetry, as well as his prose, is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, "The rogue never hazards a figure."—Dr. WARTON.

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM,

MY correspondents have informed me, that your ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party, have made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shewn for truth calls for my particular thanks, and, at the same time, encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom, they say, I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgment of your favour to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and by mistake brought it with me into England; for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods

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* This letter must have been written about the end of the year 1726. It is in the character of Gulliver.

that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and my being, Madam, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.*

De Dawley, ce Premier Fevrier, 1726–7.

ON m'a dit, Monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point recû des mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ai celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre révérence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulus me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire, mais je tombai malade, et je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, du premier retour de ma santé pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami M. Gulliver. J'apprends avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient

* A French lady of great fortune, learning, and politeness, second wife to Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, who married her whilst in exile. She had been second wife of the Marquis de Vilette, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to Madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV. tom. II. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her; dying December 15, 1751, aged 78.

d'être traduit en François, et comme mon séjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ces découvertes. Je ne désespère pas même que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés à une embassade chez Messieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sai bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames (lesquelles comme vous savez, monsieur, font ici un grand usage de leurs éventails) en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre véridique voyageur sont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la verité beaucoup de tort à la pluie et au beautems, qui en remplissoient une partie, et en mon particulier je sera privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entends. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin ; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françoises. Le Seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, et moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur ; j'attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme : l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre révérence, crainte que mon cuisinier n'use aucun déguisement. Vous brillerez parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos chanoines, nous ne serons pas moins empressés à vous plaire. Je le disputerai à tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde votre très humble et très obeissante servante.

FROM THE SAME.*

Mr. Pope m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de théâtre en France, tirèes soi-disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles sont détestable : mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien réussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il se plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour lui : mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui se fiant à leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés à la première lettre, et encore plus aisément à la première espérance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien, et nous serons content. Je ne m'aviserai pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je suis étrangère de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

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* Indorsed, "Lady Bolingbroke."—N.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, Feb. 1, 1726–7.

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done: but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt, in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princess and you; for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem, because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness,* against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night:—While I was caressing one of my own Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo, for so

* See Gulliver's Travels, Vol. XI. p. 61, and note.

you are pleased to call yourself. Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique.* I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore I think I may let you tell her, "That every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person." Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any man can say a civiller thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be anything more base than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most entire respect,

Madam, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Feb. 17, 1726–7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions, you will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. *Ah! où est Grillon?** You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us enough to intimate, support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella,† whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend; I cannot, in conscience, keep

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* Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney had now organized their attack upon the minister, by means of the Craftsman, and were doubtless sufficiently desirous to secure Swift as an auxiliary.

† Mrs. Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter. But, considering the tenderness with which the Dean was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression.—F.

you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's conversation.* I am burying myself here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more, adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful B——.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726–7.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford: but, however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My Fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished,

* It would seem that this and the two following letters from Gay and Pope, went by favour of Mr. Stopford, returning to Ireland, after the conclusion of his travels.

which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments; she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter; upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my headache are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington House to-night, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the Park. Bowrie told me this morning, that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear sir, yours most affectionately,

J. Gay.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

March 8, 1726–7.

Mr. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others, just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm and very angry, very little to the

purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twit'nam, without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks, I am at Glubbdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I used to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long lively letter, which will attend this; she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

—o—

TO MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, April 8, 1727.

SIR,

I AM just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him six hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England.

I am ever yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

MR. POPE TO W. FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Twit'nam, May 1, 1727.

DEAR SIR,

DR. SWIFT is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other

places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborow and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him.* I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you. May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night, retard your return to us!

Your faithful and ever affectionate servant,

A. Pope.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

This goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold: I am of opinion she should be

* In a subsequent letter, May 16, 1727, Mr. Pope tells Mr. Fortescue, "There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would be hardly here if he were not the best natured and indulgent man I know; it is so melancholy a way of passing his time. I could be glad to see you, if you have a day of leisure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this request."

generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible.* It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans; a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, farther than that the lord-lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered to Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess † twice this week by

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* This alludes to the coalition of Bolingbroke and Pulteney.

† Caroline, Princess of Wales, afterwards queen-consort of George II.—H.

her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be the author of a bad book,* though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray, be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Mr. Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat,† and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two-thirds to friendship, one-third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you shewed me,

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* Gulliver's Travels.—H. † Dawley.—B.

mention is made of the author of Three Occasional Letters,* a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

Friday Morning.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.†

My Lord, May 18, 1727.

I understand, by some letters just come to my hands, that at your grace's visitation of the dean

* Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in February 1726.—H.

† It is painful to observe, from the following letter, the unceasing disputes between Swift and Archbishop King, persons who certainly esteemed and respected each other's character and talents, but, nevertheless, were embroiled in perpetual quarrels on points of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

and chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a Dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my subdean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is: and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour, beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This has something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action in my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and, by the grace of God, will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds: and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often said, "You would

never infringe any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is past: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles: but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure I do from your grace. And I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old.* It is a little hard, that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

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* He probably alludes to his vindicating the Archbishop to Queen Anne's last ministry on a remarkable occasion. Vol. XV. p. 408.

—o—

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.*

†***‡.†

In European characters and English thus:

The high and mighty Prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have sent our able and trusty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

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* This seems to be an attempt at humour, compounded, probably, by the Princess of Wales, Mrs. Howard, or both, in the name of the prince, afterwards George II.

† Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue.—D. S.

And lest any apprehension of famine among us, should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars, with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian era.

—o—

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.*

Friday 1.

SIR,

I SEND you here enclosed two letters, one for Mr. de Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. de Maisons, both desirous and worthy of

* Swift entertained the idea of visiting France at this period, which was interrupted first by the death of George I., afterwards by the last illness of the unfortunate Stella. The following letter, with those of introduction enclosed, were designed by Voltaire to facilitate this purpose.

your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution; I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble, obedient, faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

—o—

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE

AU COMTE DE MORVILLE, MINISTRE ET SECRETAIRE D'ETAT A VERSAILLES.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'ici d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus longtemps sans vous faire ses sincéres complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le célébre Monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous présenter une de mes lettres. Je sai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lû les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribués. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies ? Je crois que vous ne serez pas faché de diner avec Monsieur Swift, et Monsieur le Président Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincére attachment à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et les plus capables de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualités.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect, et un attachment rempli de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I transcribe the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire, that as chan-

cellor, he would do what he thought most fit.* I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the king's† death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called Whig or Tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, shewing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we

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* His royal highness George Prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.

† King George I.—H.

should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people.* I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop † goes on to proceed to *sub poena contemptûs*, &c., I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so, thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent ‡ in Ship Street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

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* Walpole, who is here aimed at, had secured himself better than Swift or the public were aware of, and was pretty sure that he had acquired the interest most necessary for his remaining in office—the favour, namely, of Queen Caroline.

† Dr. William King.—H.

‡ Rev. Mr. John Worrall.—H.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Saturday, at Pope's, June 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you, if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbons, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me: one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *et faire le guerre à l'oeil.* There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for consequences. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall-Mall.

I shall be returned again to London on Monday evening.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an anti-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord* is returned, my kindest services to him.

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* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at Twickenham.—N.

FROM THE SAME.*

Sunday.

You may be sure of letters from me to people who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-Mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to

* Indorsed "Lord Bolingbroke, on my going to France, about June, 1727."—N.

you. Mr. Pope is reading your Persius; he is frequently sick, and so at this time: he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to shew the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, and am something better; cyder, and champagne, and fruit, have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his secretary* are discontented with the provost,† but they find he has law on his side. The

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* Samuel Molyneux, Esq.

† Rev. Mr. Baldwin. The Dean alludes to some dispute mentioned in a preceding letter to Dr. Sheridan, of the 24th June.

king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the Prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurst, in St. James's Square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom: I never trouble them but when I am sent for; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that

I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

—o—

DE M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.*

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1727.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la préface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de Monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidelle; mais

* Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines, born at Rouen in Normandy, June 29, 1684, entered into the society of the Jesuits in 1700, but quitted it fifteen years after. He lived some years with the Cardinal d'Auvergne; and died at Paris, December 16, 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his "Observations sur les Ouvrages Modernes," in 33 volumes; and his "Jugement sur les Ecrits Nouveaux," in 11 volumes.—H.

tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément ; soit parce que les moeurs sont différentes ; soit parce que les allusions et les allégories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre ; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur usage : voilà ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidèle.* J'ai même pris la

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* The Abbe des Fontaines has, in the preface to the translation, given his readers the principles upon which he has in some passages departed from his original.

"Sur la fin de l'année derniere M. Swift publia à Londres les Voyages du Capitaine Lemuel Gulliver, dont il s'agit. Un seigneur Anglois, qui réside à Paris, les ayant presque aussitôt reçus d'Angleterre, me fit l'honneur de m'en parler comme d'un livre agréable et plein d'esprit. Le suffrage de ce seigneur qui a lui-même beaucoup d'esprit, de goût, et de littérature, me prevint en faveur du livre. Quelques autres Anglois de ma connoissance, dont j'estime aussi beaucoup les lumières, en portèrent le même jugement ; et comme ils savoient que depuis quelque tems j'avois un peu appris leur langue, ils m'exhortèrent à faire connoître cet ouvrage ingénieux à la France, par une traduction qui pût répondre à l'original.

"Dans ce même tems, un ami de M. de Voltaire, me montra une lettre de fraîche date, écrite de Londres, où cet illustre poëte vantoit beaucoup le livre nouveau de M. Swift, et assuroit qu'il n'avoit jamais rien lu de plus amusant et de plus spirituel ; et que, s'il étoit bien traduit en François, il auroit un succès éclatant.

"Tout cela me fit naître, au commencement du mois de Février de cette année, non seulement l'envie de le lire, mais même le dessein de le traduire, en cas que je m'en sentisse capable, et que je le trouvasse conforme à mon gôut. Je le lus, et n'y trouvai aucune obscurité. Mais j'avoue que les trente premières pages ne me firent aucun plaisir. L'arrivée de Gulliver dans l'empire de Lilliput, la description de ce pays et de ses habitans qui n'avoient que six pouces de hauteur, et le détail circonstancié de leurs sentimens et de leur conduite à l'égard d'un étranger qui étoit pour eux un géant, tout cela me parut assez froid et d'un mérite mediocre, et me fit craindre que tout l'ouvrage ne fût du même goût.

"Mais, quand j'eus un peu plus avancé dans la lecture du livre, mes idées changèrent, et je reconnus qu'on avoit eu raison de me le vanter. J'y trouvai des choses amusantes et judicieuses, une

liberté d'ajouter, selon que votre imagination échauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée ici avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a déjà trois éditions. Je suis pénétré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisoit pas entièrement, je ferai volontiers

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fiction soutenue, de fines ironies, des allégories plaisantes, une morale sensée et libre, et par-tout une critique badine et pleine de sel; je trouvai, en un mot, un livre tout-a-fait neuf et original dans son genre. Je ne balançai plus; je me mis à le traduire, uniquement pour ma propre utilité, c'est-à-dire, pour me perfectionner dans la connoissance de la langue Angloise, qui commence à être à la mode à Paris, et que plusieurs personnes de distinction et de mérite ont depuis peu apprise.

"Je lus quelques morceaux de ma traduction à des amis éclairés, et qui se connoissent en bonnes plaisanteries. J'observai la première impression que cela produisoit sur eux, et y fis, selon ma coutume, bien plus d'attention qu'aux reflexions avantageuses qui suivirent. Enfin, déterminé par leurs suffrages et leurs conseils, je résolus d'achever ma traduction, et de risquer de la donner au public.

"Je ne puis néanmoins dissimuler ici, que j'ai trouvé dans l'ouvrage de Monsieur Swift des endroits foibles et même très mauvais, des allégories impénétrables, des allusions insipides, des détails puériles, des réflexions triviales, des pensées basses, des redites ennuyeuses, des polissoneries grossières, des plaisanteries fades; en un mot, des choses qui, littéralement en François, auroient paru indécentes, pitoyables, impertinentes, auroient révolté le bon goût qui règne en France, m'auroient même couvert de confusion, et m'auroient infailliblement attiré de justes reproches, si j'avois été assez foible et assez imprudent pour les exposer aux yeux du public.

"Je sais que quelques-uns répondent que tous ces endroits qui choquent, sont allégoriques, et ont du sel pour ceux qui les entendent. Pour moi qui n'en ai point la clef, non plus que ces messieurs même qui en font l'apologie, et qui ne puis ni ne veux trouver l'explication de tous ces beaux mystères, je déclare qui j'ai cru devoir prendre le parti de les supprimer entièrement. Si j'ai, peut-être, laissé encore quelque chose de ce genre dans ma traduction, je prie le public de songer qu'il est naturel à un tra-

encore davantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la préface ; au surplus, je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendûe dans la même préface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience.

On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout Paris souhaite de vous voir. Ne différez pas notre satisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infiniment. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de votre amité, et vous prie d'etre persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de considération et d'estime, votre très humble, et très obéissant serviteur,

L'Abbé Des Fontaines.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulû se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

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ducteur de se laisser gagner, et d'avoir quelquefois un peu trop d'indulgence pour son auteur. Au reste, je me suis figuré que j'étois capable de suppléer à ces défauts, et de réparer ces pertes par le secours de mon imagination, et par de certains tours que je donnerois aux choses même qui me déplaisoient. J'en dis assez pour faire connoître le caractère de la traduction."—Voyages Imaginaires, Tome XIV. p. xvi.–xxi.

A M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.*

Il y a plus d'un mois que j'aye reçu votre lettre du 4e Juillet, monsieur; mais l'exemplaire de la 2de édition de votre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ai lû la préface de la première; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'aye été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous avez trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire à quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ai jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de votre conduite à mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-être, que leur réputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, enterprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint, de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de polissoneries, de sottises, de puérilités, &c. Nous convenons ici, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le même. Mais nous sommes portés à croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de sçavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calculés que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur doit passer pour

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* From the Dean's answer to the Abbé's letter, it would seem he did not feel highly gratified with the retrenchments and alterations which were deemed necessary by the translator, to accommodate Gulliver's Travels to the French taste.

un très pitoyable écrivain. Les mêmes vices et les mêmes folies regnent par tout ; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe : et l'auteur, que n'écrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou même un siècle, mérite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lû.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son mérite de certaines modes ou manières de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique ; et vous serez sans doute surpris de sçavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son sérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naïve, les avantures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vûes, ou entendues dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regarde Milord Carteret, sans m'informer d'où vous tirez vos mémoires, je vous dirai, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la vérité; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir aù dépens du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivés, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France présentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'aye perdû beaucoup, et je suis très sensible à cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporterai mieux le pays, auquel la fortune m'a condamne.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727, between church and dinner-time.

MADAM,

MR. GAY, by your commands, as he says, shewed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whose case I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you, farther than your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of anybody in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years, by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough, to remember, that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself, before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say, that when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependant, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: For I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in

the world, who, if they saw your dog use me kindly, would the next day in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being assured that a word of mine to you would do anything, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the speaker, to speak to Sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself which is in your gift, if it be not disposed of; I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell to good advantage to the band-box and trunk-makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope wrote to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter; but they will not shew me what is writ: therefore I will not trust them, but resolved to justify myself; and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eye-sight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Twitenham Garret, Thursday morning, at nine.

MADAM PATT,

YOU are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the enclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to-day, after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours;* but I, with the greatest respect, madam,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[August, 1727.] Tuesday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you were here. They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This

consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs, and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

—o—

TO DR. SWIFT.*

Thursday.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

—o—

MR. PULTENEY TO MR. POPE.

Eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliments, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you

* It does not appear who was the writer of this short letter. Perhaps Mr. Pulteney.

in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour; if she does well and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever yours,

W. P.

—o—

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.*

Paris, Aug. 1, 1727.

REVEREND SIR,

MR. HOOK having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine,† I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am, with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

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* Indorsed by the Dean, "Scotch author in France."

† The Travels of Cyrus.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

August, 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford* from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and

* Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high-treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.—H.

hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but, which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better: but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt.* If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my licence what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood;† and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness

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* Patty Rolt, often mentioned in the Journal as a relation of Swift. The friends mentioned were Stella and Dingley.

† Richmond.

is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening, I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head: so, adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

—o—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, August 15, 1727.

MADAM,

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried; I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life;* and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headache. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see

* Mrs. Howard was, however, very deaf. Madame Deffaud, in mentioning her to Horace Walpole, always calls her *Votre Sourde.*

me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not shew it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true: that talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, "I was an odd sort of a man." But I forgive her: for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know; and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself.

I am, &c.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Twickenham, August 19, 1727.

MADAM,

ABOUT two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read and ——, there I got my deafness;

and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you; and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to shew my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring threepence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries. I wish the poison were in my stomach, (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take,) if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poison in their eyes, may be apt to mistake in their reading.* O! I have found it out; the word *person* I suppose was written like poison. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to shew. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull for Walpole; knights of a share, for knights of a shire; monster, for minister: in writing speaker, I put an *n* for a *p;* and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine, and not

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* See Mrs. Howard's letter, August, 1727.

borrowed. Thus I write by your commands; and beside, I am in duty bound to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest regard,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime.* I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days' intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case as well as I knew it to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in

* The account of Stella's last illness.

order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London, on the other side, toward the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this licence run like the former—[To Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health, nor grief will permit me to say more; your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond Street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came

to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long; the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event; but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ;* but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over,* that we might be

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—H.

happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end: and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

—o—

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Sept. 6, 1727.

SIR,

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot assures me, he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniâtreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend,

though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited: and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, Sir, your truly affectionate and obedient servant,

A. Pope.

P.S.—I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

—o—

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

I did desire you to write me a love-letter: but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headache, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the

most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

—o—

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, Sept. 12, 1727.

I HAVE not writ to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est; habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniet* (*quod Deus avertat*) *ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore, two or three days before it expires, which will be the begin-

ning of October, (you will find by the date of the last,) take out a new one for another half-year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health,) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend, (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better,) I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself.* I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon, or Alderman Pearson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond: so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours, &c.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

—o—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

MADAM,

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1727–8, in the 44th year of her age.—H.

thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours.*

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

October 2, 1727.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well

* The Dean's opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places, and it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some event subsequent to this letter, though he was never afterwards in England. See the verses on his own death, and the letters of Lady Betty Germain, dated Nov. 7, 1732; and Feb. 8, 1732–3.—H. The event which changed the Dean's sentiments as to Mrs. Howard, seems to have been the general discountenance shewn to the Tories at the court of George II., but especially the disappointment of his friend Gay; and of some expectations which he himself entertained of being brought to England through her influence.

in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease, to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland which might occasion your so sudden departure:* for, the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you: nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that, before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours; we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and a more

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* This letter alludes to Swift's abrupt departure from Twickenham, which he imputed to indisposition, but which was certainly principally caused by his distressed state of mind concerning Stella.

satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.*

Dublin, October 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and have nowhere to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody, alive or dead, to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to

* The following seems to be an enlarged edition of the "kind letter" left for Pope at Gay's, in which the Dean apologised for abruptly quitting the hospitable mansion of Twickenham.

write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beside all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see anybody, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accompts: so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis.** You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover Street, October 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the north; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I

* "Let Jove give health, give riches, you shall find
An inward treasure in an equal mind."

hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora; I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir, you most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpose.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

October 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly and in so clandestine a manner, yet by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of everything that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate Street: no doubt your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met Captain Lawson:* the captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you. I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; besides as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead;† but considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together, writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a

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* Commander of the king's Dublin yacht.—H.

† The Dean's route upon this, as upon other occasions, might be traced by his memoranda upon the walls and windows of his inn. There is an inscription, Vol. XIV. p. 353, which, being dated 1726, was probably written in the course of his journey *to* London; and while delayed at Holyhead, on his return, he wrote the verses which are to be found on p. 351 of the same volume.

scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were further told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous; when, to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad, or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties; and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's* family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;† and I have endeavoured,

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* Queen Caroline, consort of King George II.

† The miscarriage of Gay's hopes of patronage at court, or rather their mean and contemptuous termination in appointing

in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera* is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem,† (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers,) my poem, I say, will shew you what a distinguished age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy-chair,
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

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him gentleman-usher to a child, opened the voices of all his friends, not only against Walpole, but against the Queen and Mrs. Howard, from whose influence far different promotion had been expected.

* The Beggars' Opera. † The Dunciad.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.* Adieu.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilised world.

And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers, who wrote much better upon virtue, than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twitenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by

* We see by this, with what judgment Pope corrected and erased.—WARBURTON.

the pain I am in about your health; you pay dearly for the great talents God has given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *if we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* this is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be dis-

engaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said, the meaning of *real good*, was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry.* God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to

* Sir Robert Walpole.

discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your £1000, and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man, I ever have known; I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.*

Now why does not Pope publish his Dulness?

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* Let every expectant of preferment in church and state carefully attend to, and remember, the *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts.—Dr. WARTON.

the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût.*

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro,* as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the lord-lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying:* I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million

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* A hint that might have been worked up with much humour; as was the quarrel of Locket and Peachum.—Dr. WARTON. But it would have wanted the zest of private scandal attached to the latter scene, as a parody on the quarrel between Sir Robert Walpole and a near relation, his brother-in-law.

of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them.* I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity, with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers——

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd: but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto.† Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster,

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* Some of these songs that contained the severest satire against the court were written by Pope; particularly,

"Through all the employments of life;"

and also,

"Since laws were made," &c.—Dr. WARTON.

† This was Miss Lavinia Fenton. She afterward became Duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable, and well made: though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst, and Lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till Polly sung, in a most tender and affecting manner, the words,

"For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterwards married her.—Dr. WARTON.

and university lads, adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the emperor answered, That he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggars' Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggars' Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the enclosed comes from: and I hope will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or your friends have not done you; for I have not heard

from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me everything that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest, (or do you think that I could have, or procure any,) with my lord-lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one Captain Innes, I think in Colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a-year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When everything was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was writ from Spain, to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some of them told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday,

and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion, in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.

—o—

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

In London, Maiden-Lane, at the White Peruke,
Covent-Garden, Dec. 14, 1727.

SIR,

YOU will be surprised in receiving an English Essay* from a French traveller. Pray forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention

* An Essay on the Civil Wars of France, which he made the foundation of his Henriade, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile, in Paris, but being released about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and a half he had made himself master of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations, from Homer to Milton.—H.

you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the meantime, can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the Henriade; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulness to my lord-lieutenant. My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the Henriade. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord-lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the Miscellanea; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

TO MRS. MOORE.

Deanery-house, Dec. 27, 1727.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for anything that can effect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person: and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those, who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three chil-

dren left, one * of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age; so that according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation shewing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may

* Charles Devenish, Esq.

think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life!

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind, has made me but a sorry comforter:* however, it will shew that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear Madam,

your most obedient,

and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD CARTERET.

January 18, 1727–8.

MY LORD,

I WAS informed, that your excellency having referred to the university here for some regulations of his majesty's benefaction for professors; they have, in their answer, insinuated, as if they thought it best, that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected.—H.

and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will shew no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships and spoil professorships; although I should be sorry that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified. And I should be glad that any person, whose education has been in this university, should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks: and I wish you could in some measure provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a bishopric, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here, I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will consider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of my unconversable disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruelest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning.*

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* This, perhaps, refers to Gay's disappointment.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

February . . . 1727–8.

Pope charges himself with this letter: he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the meantime his *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health, I will give you a receipt for it, à la Montaigne, or, which is better, à la Bruyere. "Nourisser bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais:* laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeûné."

As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I

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* The whole of this pleasant receipt is taken from the Lutrin of Boileau.—Warton.

shoot strong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P.S.—According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy* are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British Journalist;† so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her majesty's waterman,) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to anything I say to them. But the opera‡ succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he pro-

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* The petticoat government; perhaps alluding to Queen Caroline and Mrs. Howard.

† William Arnall, bred an attorney. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee in the year 1742, for inquiring into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, that Arnall received for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, not less than £10,997, 6*s.* 8*d.* out of the treasury.—WARBURTON.

‡ The Beggars' Opera.

mises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727–8.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggars' Opera. It is acted at the playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with such success, that the playhouse has been crowded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting, and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte * to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest neither for approbation or money: nor has anybody been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The Duchess of Queensberry has signalised her friendship to me upon this occasion in such a conspicuous manner,

* Benjamin Motte, the bookseller.—B.

that I hope, (for her sake,) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths.* Lord Cobham says, that I should have printed it in Italian over against the English, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish, (as they now call it,) opera has been so thin of late, that some have called that the Beggars' Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the Royal Academy of Music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend, in five or six days, to go to our country seat at Twickenham for a little air. Mr. Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinson.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business.

I am, dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. Gay.

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* This alludes to some jest between the Duchess and Swift, about his using his knife at table, when a fork would have been more appropriate. It is again hinted at in Gay's letter of 9th November, 1729.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.*

Dublin, Feb. 29, 1727–8.

DEAR PATTY,

I AM told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger, and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and spunge once a-week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come; but we will leave Mr. Gay to his Beggars and his Operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer for want of a squire to Ham-common and Walpole's Lodge? for as to Richmond Lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as Sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give you so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the Dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay

* The direction is simply, "To Patty Blount."—N.

our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a cast-away, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington where you will be near the court, and out of his jurisdiction; where you will be teazed with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up a hundred pounds of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady, in the prime of life and gaiety, must take up with an antiquated Dean, an old gentlewoman of fourscore, and a sickly poet. I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Teresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the deanery, and being denied, without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter: but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine, young, healthy, plump lady, and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will

turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland, he at the deanery, and you, for reputation sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteenpenny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu again, dear Patty.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, March 20, 1727–8.

I AM extremely sorry that your disorder is returned: but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. Delany at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Cashioberry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon Lord Bathurst and Lord Bolingbroke; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order; and with my lord, is now at Dawley: she expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have

the receipt you have found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her ever since you left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs by articles of agreement.* The Beggars' Opera has been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet there is not the least probability of a thin audience: though there is a discourse about the town, that the directors of the Royal Academy of Music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggars' Opera; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success, between seven and eight hundred pounds; and Rich (deducting the whole charge of the house) has cleared already near four thousand pounds.† In about a month I am going to the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The Duchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she has had the small-pox in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face; she is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to-day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggars' Opera,‡ who was before unknown, and is now in so

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* Her husband blustered and bullied about her connection with the king, until his mouth was stopped with a pension; but not before he had made some scandalous and violent scenes, detailed in Walpole's Reminiscences. See p. 177.

† The well-known bon-mot expressed both their good fortune: The opera was said to have made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

‡ Miss Fenton.—H.

high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the Opera itself. I would not have talked so much upon this subject, or upon anything that regards myself, but to you: but as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in everything that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me if I had said less.

Your singer owes Dr. Arbuthnot some money, I have forgot the sum; I think it is two guineas: the doctor desired me to let you know it. I saw him last night with Mr. Lewis at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs. Pope* are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Gutheridge cider yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervas upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th, 1727–8.

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* Mr. Pope's mother.—H.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1727–8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston, in New England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds;* he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambiti-

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* Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. Lewis advised him to intrust it in the funds, and live upon the interest; Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say, with the old man in Terence:

"——————— fecistis probe:
Incertior sum multo, quam dudum."—WARBURTON.

ous, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, the *Dunciad*,) how much that nest of hornets are my regard will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and, (as Tully calls it,) in *consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest,* both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless for having been so long helped and tendered by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you

* His mother.

should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

> That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

> Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
> *Nescio quid* majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad:* and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows,† it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

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* "Ye Greek and Roman authors, yield the prize,
See something greater than an Iliad rise."—S.

† It did in a little time effectually silence them.—WARBURTON.

FROM MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

May 7, 1728.

SIR,

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you; and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill; but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning,* has enabled me to be very easy in my chaise hire: for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire† I had last year. I am very

* For the death of King George the First.

† Dr. Swift.

unwilling to change; and, moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their summer; two months at Richmond Lodge, the same time at Hampton Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.*

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with; he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing; he is gone to the Bath: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant,

M. B.

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* This shameful intrigue is minutely detailed by Lord Orford, in his Reminiscences; and the event alluded to in this letter is, that during the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour, and the possession of his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a-year.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. Fortescue* sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord-lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell with-

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* William Fortescue, Esq., afterward a baron of the exchequer. The circumstance seems almost too odd to be credited; for although the sirname of Gilliver, or Gulliver, sometimes occurs, yet its being joined to the odd Christian name Lemuel, and the attribute assigned to the witness, make the coincidence almost incredible.

out offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those, that either you, or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland, (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I despair: and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who has been my Walpole above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here, beside what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach, farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggars' Opera has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur.* Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

TO LORD CARTERET.

May 10, 1728.

My Lord,

I told your excellency, that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his ancestor, the Earl of Corke, in my cathedral, which your excellency has seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body, to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a-year (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He said, "He would do anything to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the dean and chapter to their own use." I answered, "That a dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c., had about four thousand pounds a-year among them, would hardly divide four shillings among them, to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family." I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he has put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself: and also, there was a letter from the dean and chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord Fitzwalter, her hus-

band, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, "That if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves." And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise, that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, "That Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges." *

I expect likewise, that if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them; and that having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred. And lastly, that you will let your said successor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan,† and give him such a recommen-

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* The Countess resented Swift's conduct upon the occasion of this epitaph as a piece of very great imprudence. See the Epitaph itself, which contains some reflections of the kind threatened in this letter, Vol. XIV. p. 366.

† Of this family there were seven brothers, sons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hospitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal

dation, that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency; and I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier; for, as I was a courtier when you were a schoolboy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends; and remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Bath, May 16, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at back-

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education. The eldest was in the commission of the peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country. Another was a physician; another son, James, a merchant (who died Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1726;) three others were clergymen; and the youngest, Charles, fellow of Dublin College, and master of the great free school at Inniskilling. With all these brothers Swift lived in the strictest intimacy; and to one of them, who had a house at Belcamp, near Dublin, the following loose memorandum, in the Dean's hand-writing, has reference. "Mr. Grattan's walk, called The Revenge Walk, was from the gate going in, to Gordon's house-door, by gross computation, 1740 feet; out of the length of this walk, he made a lease for ever of 595 feet, with a field adjoining, to Mr. Deering, a stranger. Therefore Mr. Grattan's walk is now in length only 1145 feet. It was the greatest folly of a private domestic kind, that I ever remember, for that walk was the only convenience in his garden or grounds about it, and the only agreeable circumstance that could make the place tolerable."

gammon with Mr. Lewis, who is very much your humble servant. He is here upon account of the ill state of health of his wife, who has as yet found very little benefit from the waters. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are here; and I think she is better than when I came here; they stay, as I guess, only about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. Congreve,* who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. Mr. Lewis tells me, that he is promised to receive a hundred pounds upon your account at his return to London; he having (upon request) complied to stay for the payment till that time. The two hundred pounds you left with me are in the hands of Lord Bathurst, together with some money of mine, all which he will repay at Midsummer, so that we must think of some other way of employing it; and I cannot resolve what to do. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health, some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy taking horse is as good as taking the waters; I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggars' Opera is acted here; but our Polly has got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. Delany, the Opera, Polly Peachum, and Captain Macheath. I would have sent you my own head, (which is now engraving to make up the gang,) but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard that I have had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court chap-

* He died soon after.

lain,* which I look upon as no small addition to my fame.—Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you will make me happy.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another; only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I would not say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour than I in seven years; for you despise the follies and hate the vices of mankind without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which

* Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher to the society in Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Swift, in the Intelligencer, No. III., published in Ireland, speaks with great asperity of Dr. Herring, on account of his sermon against the Beggars' Opera.—B. See Vol. IX. p. 92.

has made all parties and interests indifferent to you; who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to teaze me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind: I have formerly described them to you, but when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own; if I were five-and-twenty I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B.* has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which

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* Patty Blount.

philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks, but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me: though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that his scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard

him yesterday agree with a painter for £200, to paint his country hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends than of ambition for himself; there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says farther, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *proeme, prolegomena, testimonia scriptorum, index authorum,* and notes *variorum.* As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best; * whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill. Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

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* Dr. Swift did so.—WARBURTON.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Bath, July 6, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

THE last news I have heard of you was from Mr. Lancelot, who was at this place with Lord Sussex, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here some or most of those you like to see. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me that he is much better, and that in August he intends to come hither. Mr. Congreve and I often talk of you, and wish you health and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days I set out upon an excursion to Herefordshire, to Lady Scudamore's, but shall return here the beginning of August. I wish you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with Lady Bolingbroke, and she went from here much worse than she came. Since she went to Dawley, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she has taken to a milk diet, and she hath writ me an account of prodigious good effects both in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty, I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The Duke of Bolton, I hear, has run away with Polly Peachum,* having settled £400 a-year upon her during pleasure: and

* Miss Fenton, whom he afterwards married.

upon disagreement £200 a-year. Mr. Pope is in a state of persecution for the Dunciad; I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. I have heard but once from Mrs. Howard these three months, and I think but once from Mr. Pope. My portrait mezzotinto is published from Mrs. Howard's painting; I wish I could contrive to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at London. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in everything that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health, which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad, in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large in what relates to the persons concerned: for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for

the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28, and find, that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c., and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c., and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances!

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man Godward, and the most intemperate yourselfward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never

designed him to be above two-and-twenty by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl of fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune; and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so greatly and expensively as he has done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little. And Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him if he dares.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill,* August 2, 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you men-

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson.—H.

tioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, farther than of exercise; and we wished that nobody should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spiting T——* had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for, by a letter I just received from the Bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it: it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals; my scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: and my reason for staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humour upon it, and accordingly

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* Richard Tighe.

you are to manage my scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here: and let Mrs. Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My service to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Sept. 18, 1728.*

MY continuance here is partly owing to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserve a paper,† since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts: but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person who owns you for a back, that I have no time for anything else: and if I do not produce

* This should also be dated from Market-hill.—H.

† In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this subject.—H. See Vol. IX. p. 93.

one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak to Mrs. Brent,* bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence the history† in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios, fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's ministry, and the other‡ to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shews every creature the libels I have writ against her.§

Mr Worrall sent me the particulars of the havoc made in Naboth's vineyard.‖ The d—— burst, &c.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject to shew how hateful an animal a human creature is that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c., which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

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* The Dean's housekeeper.—H.

† History of the Peace of Utrecht.—H.

‡ The State of Affairs in 1714.—H.

§ See Hamilton's Bawn, or the Grand Question debated.—H. Lady Acheson's anger was, of course, affected, as it appears from a preceding passage, that she often pressed him to write these lampoons, as Swift calls them. Yet, by the foolish and malignant libellers who delighted to attack our author, these lively trifles were represented as serious breaches of hospitality.

‖ A field, not far from the deanery-house, which Doctor Swift enclosed at a great expense, with a fine stone wall lined with brick, against which he planted vines, and the best chosen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.—H.

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little whiggishly.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for your news of the Dean of St. Patrick's, for your Persius,* for everything in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley. Beside his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the Dean tells me he is a co-adjutant of that fool Smedley. You must have seen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the author of them for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness; for, had he been able

* A prose translation by Dr. Sheridan, formerly mentioned.

to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published: you will soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors: if I had an amanuensis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the Dean just now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family: in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.*

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, I thank God, I yet am, in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me,) I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends', and consequently faithfully, Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

A. Pope.

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* This probably alludes to the misrepresentations of the Dean's pieces of humour, composed during his residence at Market-hill.

TO MR. WORRALL.*

September 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servants: so tell Mrs. Brent† and Dr. Sheridan: and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with.

I imagine Mrs. Brent is gone into the country, but that you know where to send to her. I desire you will pay her four pounds, and sixteen pounds to Mrs. Dingley, and take their receipts. I beg Mrs. Dingley's pardon for not remembering her debt sooner; and my humble service to her. I desire Mrs. Brent to send me the best receipt she has for making meath: she may send me her receipt for making the strong meath, and that for making the next strong and the third strong. Hers was always too strong; and on that account she was so wilful I would suffer her to make no more. There is a vexatious thing happened about the usquebaugh for my Lord Bolingbroke. It seems you only directed it for the Earl of Berkeley; but I thought I had desired you to add "for Lord Bolingbroke:" but there is nothing in that; for I wrote to the Earl of Berkeley, to give him notice. But Mr. Gavan, who married a daughter of Mrs. Kenna, who keeps the inn at Chester, hath just sent me a letter, informing me that the usquebaugh came to Park Gate, within

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* Vicar of St. Patrick's, a quiet and intelligent man, with whom Swift lived on a very easy footing, occasionally dining at his house at a settled board. He often acted, as appears from this and other letters, as a kind of agent in the Dean's private affairs.

† His housekeeper.—H.

seven miles of Chester; and that Mr. Whittle, the owner of the ship, was to deliver it himself; but he sent it by a man of a noted bad character, who, as Mrs. Kenna supposes, kept it some time, and opened it before he delivered it; for, immediately upon the delivery of it, Mrs. Kenna sent to Park Gate, to have the usquebaugh brought up to Chester; but was told that the fellow had brought it away; that he said, he sent it as directed: but that no doubt he must have some view of paying himself for the trouble, which made him so busy; but whether it was by changing the usquebaugh, or overrating the charges of it, Mr. Gavan could not tell; but adds, that, if I should hear of anything amiss, I should write to Mrs. Kenna, his mother, who will endeavour to make the fellow do me justice. All this I have transcribed from Mr. Gavan's letter; and I desire you will call upon his father, Mr. Luke Gavan (who is a known man in Dublin,) and desire him, when he writes to his son, to give my service to him and Mrs. Kenna, and let them know I will do as they direct. I am very unfortunate in this affair; but have no remedy; however, I will write to Lord Bolingbroke: though I fear I am cheated of it all: for I do not find that the fellow demanded anything from Mrs. Kenna, or came to her at all. Your new fancies of making my riding-gown and cassock (I mean Mrs. Brent's fancies) do not please me at all, because they differ so much from my old one. You are a bad packer of bad grapes. Mrs. Dingley says, she cannot persuade Mrs. Brent to take a vomit. Is she not (do not tell her) an old fool? She has made me take many a one without mercy. Pray give Mrs. Worrall a thousand thanks from me, for her kind present and workmanship of her fairest hands in making me two nightcaps.

We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in

print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhymes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published.*

Your periwig-maker is a cursed rogue. The wig he gave you is an old one with a new cawl, and so big that I cannot wear it, and the curls all fallen: I just tried it on my head; but I cannot wear it.

I am ever yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not: but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances: the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves; and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir

* This parody was taken much amiss both by Sheridan and the lady who had been panegyrized in the original ballad. See Vol. XV. pp. 128, 131.

Arthur's,* planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, though I know nothing of it, that you quarrel with her and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her.† I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse: and I believe if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say anything farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you, it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! the whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose: but the business of such lives as theirs, is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than

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* Sir Arthur Acheson.—H.

† This seems to be the hint alluded to by Pope in his letter to Sheridan.

my life, my humour and health, I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Market-hill, Nov. 16, 1728.

SIR,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever, and consequently can never have the rent raised; which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I have been here several months, to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness and deafness, of which I have frequent returns—and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss.* Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of man's life, and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another.

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* The loss of his wife.

I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge* left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity, your most obliged and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

DR. SHERIDAN TO LORD MOUNTCASHEL.

December 1, 1728.

MY LORD,

I DEDICATE to you this edition and translation of Persius,† as an acknowledgment for the great pleasure you gave me in the first part of your education, which, by your own application and goodness of temper, was attended with a success equal to my wishes.

And since you still proceed in the same paths of diligence and virtue in the university, where you have already distinguished yourself in a very short time, it lays a further obligation upon me, to return you my thanks in this public manner, for having so faithfully regarded the last advice which I gave you.

When I hear from your governors, with what respect and deference you treat them; how cheerful you are in your obedience to their commands; that you are constant in all duties enjoined you by the statutes, (too much hitherto neglected by those of your quality;) that you are regular in your life; decent in your behaviour; good-natured and civil

* A son, afterwards a barrister at law.—F.

† A literal translation in prose, published at Dublin, by G. Grierson, 1728, 12mo.—N.

to your companions, whom you have prudently chosen from among the best; that you are diligent in your studies; with many other additions to your character, which very much redound to your honour; I then return my thanks to God, and think all my labour on your account rewarded in the noblest and the best manner.

You are now in a situation of taking two the most delightful prospects that a generous mind can have. First, you can look back upon a good and honourable reputation, left behind you among your school-fellows. You can behold that ardent emulation in most of them, which you kindled in their breasts by your example; and thus you see yourself a blessed instrument of bringing others into the road of honour and virtue, which you naturally followed upon the first direction. The next prospect is, that you are now placed on a more public stage, among the hopefullest young gentlemen of this kingdom, who are already so far influenced by your example, that they rather seem willing to contend with you in the race, than to follow; and this by your own encouragement. Consider, my lord, the good you now do, is not confined to the present age; but those to come shall shew the effects of your virtue, and posterity shall bless you for giving an advantage to them, which they can only requite by the greatest esteem they will preserve for your memory.

I shall make you no compliments upon your birth or title, for which, you and your school-fellows will witness for me, that I never did once either distinguish or spare you, while you were under my care. Neither shall I ever allow you any merit from the mere advantages of fortune. Besides, I always observed you much more fond of the genealogies of the Greek and Roman heroes, than of your own. There you found so many wonderful

examples of piety, wisdom, justice, fortitude, love to their country, faithfulness to their friends, every action great, noble, and truly humane, that it is not to be wondered your character exceeds your years, when you endeavour to borrow most of it from them; for which every wise man will acquit you, since there are so few examples in the present world, that will deserve your imitation. But, the great characters of antiquity are such, as you may safely follow in everything that is great and good. And although it hath been your misfortune to live in a country, not the most inviting scene to employ those talents which God hath given you, and which your own disposition, added to the care of your instructors, is so likely to improve; yet let not that be a discouragement from preserving to qualify yourself, for appearing one day, where you can shine to more advantage.

But my zeal for your happiness makes me forget that you are now under governors much fitter to direct you in your future conduct. I shall therefore only join with them in my good wishes for a blessing on their labours. "Si agricolam arbor ad fructum perducta delectat; si pastor ex fœtu gregis sui capit voluptatem; si alumnum suum nemo aliter intuetur quam ut adolescentiam illius suam judicet, quid evenire credis his qui ingenia educaverunt, et qui tenera formaverunt, adulta subito vident? Assero te mihi, Meum opus es."* My case, my lord, is the very same. You are a plant of my own rearing; and although you be now removed to another soil, the same delight which I conceived at your prosperous growth, makes me earnest in my expectations to see the fruit. May you never disappoint our hopes, but become a true son of the church, a loyal subject to

* Seneca, Ep. 34.

your prince, a faithful friend to your country, and an honour to the age you live in! May all happiness and success attend you to the last period of your life. I am, my Lord,

With true respect, esteem, and affection,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 2, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter, I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have writ to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon the road in your way to England: which I fear now was without foundation. Your money, with part of my own, is still in the hands of Lord Bathurst, which I believe he will keep no longer, but repay upon his coming to town; when I will endeavour to dispose of it as I do of my own, unless I receive your orders to the contrary. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are in town: she has been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, has, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is the care of the second part of the Beggars' Opera, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but Rich received the Duke of Grafton's

commands, (upon an information that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented,) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace has seen it. What will become of it I know not; but I am sure I have written nothing that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough; and then in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. His mother, by his account, is much the same. Mr. Lewis, who is very much your servant, (as are all I have mentioned,) tells me, farther time is still desired of him about the hundred pounds. Dr. Arbuthnot particularly desires his compliments, and Mrs. Howard often asks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week, I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet with you either abroad or at home.

—o—

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 4, 1728–9.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy: but, however, I would certainly come to

town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Market-hill, Jan. 13, 1728–9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done, if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worral.

I send you enclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an Intelligencer;* I desire you will enclose it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the Intelligencer, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter you will find, that is to be

* A weekly paper by Drs. Swift, Sheridan, Helsham, &c., which were afterwards reprinted in one volume 8vo.

prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not: and therefore the Intelligencer must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himself may look over it, for that everybody who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Market-hill, Jan. 18, 1728–9.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was enclosed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and I am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues. We have been told my Lord Mountcashel * is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

* Edward Davis, Lord Viscount of Mountcashel.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and fourpence; it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two enclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her: but when I went to London, she married an inn-keeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children.* The old mother died and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she, about seven years ago, writ to me from London, to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one Perkins, inn-keeper, at the George in Loughborough as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of Ireland, and desired me as an old acquaintance of her mother Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat: I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to let me know that her daughter, Anne Giles, married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband

* This amour, if it can be so termed, is alluded to in Swift's letters to the Rev. John Kendal, 11th Feb. 1691–2.

Giles is dead) has a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England, and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent, (whose name she has learned,) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She has sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which as I told you, cost me six shillings and fourpence. But I am in much doubt: for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband, (who proved a rogue,) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is Anne Giles, she lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the first house in Molesworth-Court, on the right hand, in Fishamble-Street. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this Anne Giles, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, *alias* Perkins, or not: and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman: I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommenda-

tion, dealt with Mr. Hyde;* there are some accounts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has desired me to speak to Mr. Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr. Motte may be in the way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. Hyde's house and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr. Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I enclose a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir Arthur Acheson's house in Chapel-Street, and desire her to deliver it to Captain Creichton,† who lodges at the Pied Horse in Chapel-Street, and is to bring down other things to my Lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wish you all a happy new year.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Mr. John Hyde, an eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair good character.—F.

† The ancient cavalier, and dragoon officer, whose memoirs the Dean published. In this, as in other cases, the Dean's gift was happily adapted, doubtless, to the taste of the person on whom it was conferred; unless, indeed, the reader should argue, from the conclusion of the sentence, that it was designed for Lady Acheson.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728–9.

I LIVED very easily in the country: Sir Arthur is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better;* she is perfectly well bred and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid, when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to everybody, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord-lieutenant was only in a common newspaper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve,† whom I

* This was a quality of great importance to the society of a person subject to deafness.

† He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of Cowley, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to have been a wit and a poet, it was so unassuming and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a strenuous Whig, to the favour of Lord Oxford. It is remarkable, that on the first publication, Congreve thought "The Tale of a Tub" gross and insipid.—Swift, in a copy of verses to Dr. Delany, drew a picture of Congreve's fortune and situation, which is unfair

loved from my youth, and who surely, beside his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me: and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost, that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to everybody, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him; he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom; he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at a loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with everybody—is not this the truly happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——,* who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the

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and overcharged. For the honour of government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income.—Dr. WARTON.

* Acheson.

doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera which you mentioned, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

March 6, 1728–9.

SIR,

IF I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half-a-dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks a-piece; and, among other inconveniences, hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities; but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking: yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley;*

* This respects a law-suit between Mr. Nathaniel Whaley and the Archbishop of Armagh on the one side, and the crown on the other, which depended in the House of Lords, on a writ of error, and in which the Dean greatly interested himself. Mr. Whaley was at length successful. The shape of the question resolved into a doubt whether the death of George I. did not abate the writ.

but I hope you remembered, that Daniel * is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the lords' decree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether George the old, or the young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle." I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I

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* Richard Daniel, Dean of Armagh, attending as a witness on the issue of the cause.

hope he does not intend to print his opera* before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to eight hundred pounds. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more, for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself: but they never went farther; and my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shewn to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot,† but am sure it was

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* The Second Part of the Beggars' Opera, which was excluded from the threatre by order of the chamberlain.

† Pope appears to have thought the poem, so entitled, was the Dean's production, and, notwithstanding his disapprobation, it has some glimpse of his manner and peculiar humour. It appeared first in the Country Journal, 3d August, 1728, and was transferred from thence to the 12th number of the Intelligencer. That the reader may judge how far Pope's suspicions were justly excited, we shall insert the poem.

THE PROGRESS OF PATRIOTISM.—A TALE.

Vendidit HIC Auro Patriam.

SIR RALPH, a simple, rural knight,
Could just distinguish wrong from right;
When he received a quarter's rent,
And almost half in taxes went,
He rail'd at places, bribes, and pensions,
And secret service, new inventions;
Preach'd up the true old English spirit,
And mourn'd the great neglect of merit;
Lamented our forlorn condition,
And wish'd the country would petition;
Said, he would first subscribe his name.
And added, 'twas a burning shame,
That some men large estates should get,
And fatten on the public debt;

bad or indifferent: and, as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses, called "The Journal of a Dublin Lady," which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheson's;

Of his poor country urged his love,
And shook his head at those above.
  This conduct, in a private station,
Procured the knight great reputation;
The neighbours all approved his zeal,
(Though few men judge, yet all men feel,)
And with a general voice declared
Money was scarce, the times were hard:
That what Sir Ralph observed was true,
And wish'd the gallows had its due.
  Thus, blest in popular affection,
Behold! there came on an election,
And who more proper than Sir Ralph
To guard their privileges safe?
So, in return for zeal and beer,
They chose him for a knight o' th' shire.
  But mark how climates change the mind,
And virtue chops about like wind!
Duly the knight came up to town,
Resolved to pull corruption down,
Frequented clubs of the same party,
And in the cause continued hearty,
Broach'd his opinions, wet and dry,
And gave some honest votes awry.
  At length, in that old, spacious court,
Where members just at noon resort,
Up to our knight, Sir Blue-string came,
And call'd him frankly by his name,
Smiled on him, shook him by the hand,
And gave him soon to understand,
That though his person was a stranger,
Yet that in times of greatest danger,
His faithful services were known,
And all his family here in town,
For whom he had a great affection:
And wish'd him joy of his election,
Assured him that his country's voice
Could not have made a better choice.
  Sir Ralph, who, if not much belied,
Had always some degree of pride,
Perceived his heart begin to swell,
And liked this doctrine mighty well,
Took notice of his air and look,
And how familiarly he spoke;
Such condescensions, such professions,
Removed all former ill impressions.
  The statesman (who, we must agree,
Can far into our foibles see,

and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called "The Intelligencer," of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it. But

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And knows exactly how to flatter
The weak, blind sides of human nature,)
Saw the vain wretch begin to yield,
And farther, thus his oil instill'd.
"Sir Ralph," said he, "all forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my heart,
Have such a value for your worth,
Your sense and honour, and so forth,
That in some points, extremely nice,
I should be proud of your advice;
Let me, good sir, the favour pray
To eat a bit with me to-day—
Nay, dear Sir Ralph, you must agree"——
"Your honour's hour?"——"Exactly three."
These points premised, they bow and part,
With hands press'd hard to either heart;
For now the public business calls
Each patriot to St. Stephen's walls;
Whether the present debts to state,
Or on some new supplies debate,
Would here be needless to relate.
From thence, at the appointed hour,
The knight attends the man of power,
Who, better to secure his ends,
Had likewise bid some courtly friends;
His brother, Townly, and his grace,
Great statesmen both, and both in place:
Our British Horace famed for wit,
Alike for courts and senates fit;
Sir William, from his early youth,
Renown'd for honour, virtue, truth;
And Bubble, just restored to favour,
On pardon ask'd for late behaviour.
The statesman met his convert guest,
Saluted, clasp'd him to his breast,
Then introduced him to the rest.
Whilst he with wonder and amaze,
The splendour of the house surveys,
Huge China jars, and piles of plate,
And modish screens, and beds of state,
Gilt sconces, of stupendous size,
And costly paintings strike his eyes,
From Italy and Flanders brought,
At the expense of nations bought;
Yet doth not one of these relate
The tragic end of r——s of state,
Although such pictures might supply
Fit lessons to the great man's eye;

the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *mediocre* in themselves, but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sin-

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But o'ergrown favourites dread to think
From whence they rose, and how may sink.
  Dinner now waited on the board,
Rich as this city would afford;
(For every element supplies
His table with its rarities;)
The guests promiscuous take their place,
Pro more, without form of grace;
There might the little knight be seen
With ribbons blue, and ribbons green,
All complaisant and debonair,
As if the king himself were there;
Obsequious each consults his taste,
And, begging to be served the last,
Points round by turns to every dish;
"Will you have soup, Sir Ralph, or fish?
This fricassee, or that ragout?
Pray sir, be free, and let me know."
  The cloth removed, the glass goes round,
With loyal healths and wishes crown'd;—
May king and senate long agree!
Success attend the ministry!
Let public faith and stocks increase!
And grant us, Heav'n! a speedy Peace!
  Discourse ensues on homebred rage,
That rank distemper of the age,
And instantly they all agree,
They never were so blest, or free;
That all complaints were naught but faction
And patriotism mere distraction,
Though full of reason, void of grace,
And only meant to get in place.
  Sir Ralph in approbation bow'd;
Yet own'd that with the giddy crowd,
He formerly had gone astray,
And talk'd in quite another way,
Possess'd with jealousies and fears,
Dispersed by restless pamphleteers,
In libels weekly and diurnal,
Especially the* Country Journal;
But as he felt sincere contrition,
He hoped his faults would find remission.
  "Dear sir," replied the Blue-string Knight,
"I'm glad you think affairs go right.

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* "From hence it appears that a paper was published under that name, long before this in which we are at present engaged."

cerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shewn, and will shew more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition

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All errors past must be excused,
(Since the best men may be abused,)
What's in my power you may command,"
Then shook him once more by the hand,
Gave him great hopes (at least his word)
That he should be a treasury-lord,
And to confirm his good intention,
At present order'd him a pension.
By these degrees, Sir Ralph is grown
The staunchest tool in all the town;
At points and job-work never fails;
At all his old acquaintance rails;
Holds every doctrine now in fashion,
That debts are blessings to a nation:
That bribery, under whig direction,
Is needful to discourage faction:
That standing armies are most fitting
To guard the liberties of Britain;
That F——e is her sincerest friend,
On whom she always should depend;
That ministers, by kings appointed,
Are, under them, the Lord's anointed;
Ergo, it is the self-same thing,
T' oppose the minister or king;
Ergo, by consequence of reason,
To censure statesmen is high treason.
In fine, his standing creed is this:
That right or wrong, or hit or miss,
No mischiefs can befall a nation,
Uuder so wise a ministration;
That Britain is Sir Blue-string's debtor,
And things did surely ne'er go better!
So the plain country girl, untainted,
Nor yet with wicked man acquainted,
Starts at the first lewd application,
Though warm, perhaps, by inclination,
And swears she would not with the king,
For all the world, do such a thing;
But when, with long assiduous art,
Damon hath once seduced her heart,
She learns her lesson in a trice,
And justifies the pleasing vice,
Calls it a natural, harmless passion,
Implanted from our first creation,
Holds there's no sin between clean sheets,
And lies with every man she meets.

to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a-fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on Sunday evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle, says "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them, to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at everything I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty, who, I hope, will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier Mrs. Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago: but, since I

made them a present,* it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend!

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours; so all the answering part must go for nothing.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ.

March 10, 1728–9.

SIR,

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore, come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for, on Monday, (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant March, 1728, his excellency Thomas Wyndham, Esq., lord high chancellor of Ireland, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart *v.* Stewart, on A. Powell, to

* Of some Irish stuff. The Dean expected a present of medals from Queen Caroline, which he never received.

this effect:—He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one-and-twenty; therefore, marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley* be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powell choose another lawyer for himself; though, by the by, Mr. Nutley would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powell makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum.*

> "Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
> The rules to steal deluded virgins' hearts;
> But O! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
> Instructs you to elude, by magic bill,
> The laws of God, and gratify your will."

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman,† made him drunk soon after at Gory; which so incensed the aforesaid Ram, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha' you any dirt to carry out?" I am, sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

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* See a letter, dated Nov. 21, 1713.

† See the Intelligencer, No. II. The impertinence consisted in Mr. Ram's coachman driving his horses against the Dean, for which his master refused to make an adequate apology, and was accordingly severely censured in the Intelligencer.

FROM WILLIAM FLOWER, Esq.*

Ashbrook, March 18, 1728–9.

Sir,

As I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of schoolboys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: we took water at Mortlake, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stripped off, and for want of a blanket, to take a flight with you in it, but

> Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
> Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant:
> Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.
>
> Virg. Æn. i. 155.

> If then some grave and pious man appear,
> They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
> He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
> And quenches their innate desire of blood.
>
> Dryden.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon

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* Created Lord Castledurrow, Oct. 27, 1733.—N.

and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey.

But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled, "The Intelligencer;" it is Number 20, a posthumous work of Nestor Ironside; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter, raising my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from newspapers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy. I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so public a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deserve as great censure, as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason, and blasphemy, recently prove this: such should be spewed out of it with the utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, chap. x. ver. 21, chap. xii. ver. 10, 11. I imagine the poor

widow, his printer,* is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name, I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's works entire.

I am sorry that, for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the English of

> Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
> Matura virgo.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating it in a couple of distichs; the science, which the compound English and Greek word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficients in the Ionick jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and Parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we saw bedlam, the lions, and what not; and finished with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very silently to opposite the glasshouse, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, "What that man was fishing for?" The wag answered very brisk, "For ——, master, will you buy any?" You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it

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* Mrs. Harding.

without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of Jack Fisher.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.*

From the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, March 18, 1728–9.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness that ever anybody had who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and everybody that attended me; and upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life; but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you,) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry; who, if I

* Indorsed, "See the duchess's answer to the royal message."

had been their nearest relation and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she has been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it without being acted.* The duke, too, has given up his employment, (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment,) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends' assistance, has a possibility to turn greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but, I believe I shall not be able to complete the

* The duchess was so vehement in her attempts to have the embargo removed from Gay's play, that she offered to read it to his majesty in his closet, that he might be satisfied there was no offence in it. George II. escaped from this dilemma by saying, he should be delighted to receive her grace in his closet, but hoped to amuse her better than by the literary employment she proposed.

work till the latter end of the next week. Your money is still in Lord Bathurst's hands: but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all around it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expense, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst economy. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The Duchess of Queensberry is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added, too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated even by ministers of state; and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city, and the people of England, take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I should write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. Dr. Hollins, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me,

visited me, and shewed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor Lord Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Gower, and Lord Oxford, among the number.

My service to Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.*

Dublin, March 19, 1728-9.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. I will leave my money in Lord

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.—P.

Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapped up by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope, when you are rich enough, you will have some little economy of your own in town and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good; but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had £100 a-year more for horses.—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites me, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in this neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

JON. SWIFT.

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FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, March 19, 1728–9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have writ to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this has come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter. John Gay, I may say with vanity, owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him. I had, beside my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little Sacheverell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him as Radcliffe did in preserving my Lord Chief Justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of ministers, the chief author of the Craftsman, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake;* another

* The Duchess of Queensberry.

great lady in danger of being chasée likewise;* about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones† in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him. Since he became so conspicuous Will Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by shewing his person; and I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with, in Whitehall, two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it rises to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour, as, I am afraid, the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, I am called away, and obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

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* Mrs. Howard, perhaps, who declared herself in Gay's favour on this momentous occasion.

† A sect of African heretics, who were smitten with the rage of being martyrs.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1728–9.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence has ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for, finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence, or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper; for which

Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the House of Commons, only because you were sure of a majority in the House of Lords, to throw it out; because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, has been the case in the qualification bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me that corruption, like avarice, has no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim,** &c. The devil take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O! mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus.*† Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? have you not bad

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* "New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame."—S.

† "O, could I turn to that fair prime again!
——————— yet in his years are seen
A manly vigour, and autumnal green."—S.

weather for the spring corn? has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melangé* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM A QUAKER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Chilad, March 29, 1729.

FRIEND JONATHAN SWIFT,

HAVING been often agreeably amused by thy Tale, &c. &c., and being now loading a small ship for Dublin, I have sent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of America; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem, at this distance from the place of thy residence. Thou needest ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

—o—

FROM LADY JOHNSON.*

[March 30, 1729.]

TO THE REV. THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICKS.

HOND SR

I AM a Huckster and Lives in Strand Street & has Dealings with Several familys, a saterday Night a Case of Instruments † was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Marys Street, for two Rowls a

* Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift; "The best letter I ever read." —D. S.

† It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from Lady Johnson to the doctor.—D. S.

print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about the End of the town tells Me, he wanst saw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's * whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain you Hon^rs

Humble Sarv^t to Command

ye 30. MARTHA SHARP.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a deep weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do: I

* Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.—D. S.

know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons? In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it: because, if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who, I thought, when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari?* the

commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.*

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious:" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough

* Upon this adage, Bolingbroke was wont to justify his expectations of a change of administration.

to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy,* where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke,) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe

* In Montesquieu's Persian Letters, there is an admirable one upon this subject.—Dr. WARTON.

to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will farther tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me: but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c, who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I must heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

London, April 10, 1729.

SIR,

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to England, was that of seeing you at London; and it is a very sensible mortification

to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found in some of them * certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr. Leslie † go back to Ireland, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shown to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given a hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship.

I am with great respect, Sir,

your most obliged

and most obedient humble servant,

A. Ramsay.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, May 8, 1729.

Dear Sir,

I have writ three times to Mr. Dean of St. Patrick's, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same

* In the Tale of a Tub, probably.

† Son of the Rev. Dr. Charles Leslie, the famous nonjuror.—H.

time, I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. Mason, son of Mason, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a barytone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was writ from Bath last September. The same Mason informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty law-suits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you do not imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This with my best wishes and respects, from, dear Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

Jo. Arbuthnot.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, London, June 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. Mason, whom I believe you will find answer the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained everything to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been inquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here, but really bad enough: at the same time, we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his Dunciad: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's case; for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news that I know of. I am apt to believe that, in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble

you no more at present, but remain with my best wishes, and most sincere affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

My family all send you their love and service.

—o—

FROM LADY CATHARINE JONES.*

Chelsea, June 11, 1729.

SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter the 22nd of May, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument † in the cathedral church of St. Patrick.

Mr. French, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expense, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the Dean and chapter, as well as the duty due to the memory of my grandfather, without adding farther trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

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* Daughter of Richard, Earl of Ranelagh, who died 3d January, 1711.

† A monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Jones, and his son, Lord Viscount Ranelagh.

TO MR. POPE.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which, however, I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitably to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially toward night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country,* there have been three terrible years' dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two-thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.†

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* There are many acute and new observations on the state of Ireland in Berkeley's "Querist," by which he appears to be as great a patriot and politician, as in his other works he is a philosopher and divine.—WARTON.

† The following passage, in the sixth number of the Intelli-

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age has made her fully ripe for Heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she has so many good works to follow them. The loss you

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gencer, upon this melancholy subject, bears marks of the Dean's hand:—

"As for my own part, I confess, that the sights and occurrences which I had in this my last journey, have so far transported me to a mixture of rage and compassion, that I am not able to decide, which has the greater influence upon my spirits; for this new cant of a rich and flourishing nation was still uppermost in my thoughts; every mile I travelled giving me such ample demonstrations to the contrary. For this reason, I have been at the pains to render a most exact and faithful account of all the visible signs of riches, which I met with in sixty miles, riding through the most public roads, and the best part of the kingdom. First, As to trade, I met nine cars loaden with old musty shrivelled hides, one car load of butter; four jockeys driving eight horses, all out of case; one cow and calf, driven by a man and his wife; six tattered families flitting, to be shipped off to the West Indies; a colony of a hundred and fifty beggars, all repairing to people our metropolis, and, by increasing the number of hands, to increase its wealth, upon the old maxim, that people are the riches of a nation: And therefore, ten thousand mouths with hardly ten pair of hands, or any work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flourishing people. Secondly, Travellers enough, but seven in ten wanting shirts and cravats; nine in ten going barefoot, and carrying their brogues and stockings in their hands; one woman in twenty having a pillion, the rest riding bare-backed; above two hundred horsemen, with four pair of boots amongst

will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well: but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is, that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken, it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part so heartily dis-

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them all; seventeen saddles of leather (the rest being made of straw,) and most of their garrons only shod before. I went into one of the principal farmers' houses, out of curiosity, and his whole furniture consisted of two blocks for stools, a bench on each side the fire-place made of turf, six trenchers, one bowl, a pot, six horn-spoons, three noggins, three blankets, one of which served the man and maid servant; the other the master of the family, his wife and five children; a small churn, a wooden candle-stick, a broken stick for a pair of tongs. In the public towns, one-third of the inhabitants walking the street barefoot; windows half built up with stone to save the expense of glass; the broken panes up and down supplied by brown paper, few being able to afford white; in some places they were stopped with straw or hay. Another mark of our riches, are the signs at the several inns upon the road, viz., in some a staff stuck in the thatch, with a turf at the end of it; a staff in a dunghill, with a white rag wrapped about the head; a pole, where they can afford it, with a besom at the top; an oatmeal cake on a board in a window; and, at the principal inns of the road, I have observed the signs taken down and laid against the wall near the door, being taken from their post to prevent the shaking of the house down by the wind. In short, I saw not one single house in the best town I travelled through, which had not manifest appearances of beggary and want. I could give many more instances of our wealth, but I hope these will suffice for the end I propose."

posed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased £100 a-year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice, though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches toward it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, or rather to be surer of his rents. But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his £3000 and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. Blount, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but want your charity. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N.S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day; when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The

waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken.

Brussels, Sept. 27, N.S.

I have brought your French acquaintance* thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a what-d'ye-call-it than a farce?† Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero Oxford. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and shall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backward, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your

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* Lady Bolingbroke.—N.

† Bolingbroke is reported in a letter to Pouilly to have said, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men fit to reign." Voltaire, in the 12th volume of his letters, denies this anecdote; and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disait à ses compagnons la plus fameuse catin de Londres: mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est declaré aujourdhui secretaire d'etat; sept mille guinees de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears by Voltaire's Letters, Vol. I. p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at La Source, near Orleans, with Lord Bolingbroke; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the Henriade, and received from him the highest commendations.—Dr. WARTON.

situation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving, though your old prating friend Montaigne * does something like it in one of his rhapsodies: to tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but, if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I will shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex,† you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, scarf, or even that

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* Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature as this old prater.—Dr. WARTON.

† Dawley, the residence of Lord Bolingbroke.

emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

Ostend, Oct. 5.

And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I shall have leisure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that should be so, you will never tell it me grossly; and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his *exit*, that at his entrance into life; and yet you confess that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. Your poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end: and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go farther: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beside your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Calais, Oct. 9.

I go on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully

by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion, or this direction of self-love, into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we consider fame as a useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us; toward our exit, this scene of action is, or should be closed; and then methinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on to old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5, O.S.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some

county of Ireland.* Though I have built in a part of the world which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly; and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old! and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in!

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned, and disappointed, not to find you in this island at her return; which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

October 9, 1729.

It pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve of the whole or disapprove not of some

* Drapier's Hill, where the Dean entertained some thoughts of building.

parts, of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other; if in any particular, anything be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional £100 a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away £100 a year. Do not be angry: I will not live to be very old. I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I

should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his £3000 is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he or not? The Doctor* is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.* Poor Mrs. * * * is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court lady† I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your

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* Arbuthnot.

† Mrs. Howard. The subsequent allusion seems to be to the Dean's character of that lady, which contained some strong shades of satire.

friend as any one. I must throw away my pen: it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

October 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of everybody who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from everybody, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I write this post to Lord Bolingbroke, and tell him in my letter, that with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build: I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only £100 the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is

enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional £100 *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B———— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could anything be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter

to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other * never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations.† But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for I declare yours was *unie;* and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death;‡ and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons;§

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* Lord Oxford.—WARBURTON.

† This passage has been founded upon by the late ingenious Mr. Warton, as inconsistent with Swift's preference of Oxford to Bolingbroke. But to those who look narrowly into Swift's writings, it will, perhaps, appear, that he preferred Lord Oxford as a private friend, yet believed that much of the ruin of Queen Anne's administration was owing, on the one hand, to his indolence, and on the other, to his jealousy of Bolingbroke, whose active spirit was more fitted to meet the events of that critical period.

‡ The year of Queen Anne's death.—WARBURTON.

§ This seems merely a general expression. In fact, Swift had only one sister, Mrs. Fenton.

you born to a great fortune; yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible,) than ever you were in your highest exaltation—only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the figure of living, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope,) I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase,) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried—No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach me. But, in the meantime, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera;* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live upon fifty pounds a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to,) but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in this life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something

distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world.* My lord, I hate and love to write you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the overrunning you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope: let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should

* When Lord Bolingbroke was very old, in his retirement at Battersea, it was customary for many people to pay their respects to him, chiefly with the view of seeing and conversing with a character so distinguished. Among others, Lord Chatham, then a young man, called on him; but found him pedantic, fretful, angry with his wife, &c. Such is the melancholy picture of the last stage of existence! [*Communicated by Lord Chatham to the late Marquis of Lansdowne.*]

have said very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called "The Wife of Bath." * As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly, indeed, is a word that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying that he is wise that knows himself. What has happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wise.

My Lord Bathurst is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds out of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town: not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me: for I know by experience that there is no dependence that can be sure, but a dependence upon one's self. I will take care of

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* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729–30] at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and condemned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height from the uncommon success of his Beggars' Opera.—H.

the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely, and most affectionately,

J. GAY.

P.S.—To the lady I live with, I owe my life and fortune; think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine primâ.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age, sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago: I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: while my mind

grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty * of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with £500 a-year as well as with £5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not

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* Viz., *reason.* Tully (to whom the letter-writer seems to allude) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the soul, he says, "Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: eum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adsentio illa omnis elabitur." Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the cause of the slippery nature of this assent, which the letter-writer has here explained; namely, that the imagination is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer reason corrects and disclaims it. As to Religion, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his Lordship's first philosophy, (where this whole matter is explained at large,) it came at last into the hands of the public. —WARBURTON.

far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for upon recollection the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about.* I hope in good earnest, it is a fine one; and will be in his hands an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know, living or dead: I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody: it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit.† How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if once determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received from the widow of

* "Essay on Man;" on which, therefore, it appears he was employed in 1729.—Dr. WARTON.

† He used to value himself on this particular.—WARBURTON.

one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how, and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another, will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations.

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of economy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you that this annuity includes also the life of another,* whose concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*, &c.†

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you if I know any

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* His mother's.—WARBURTON.

† Why do we dart with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life?—S.

opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that 8vo edition.—The Drapier's Letters are again printed here very laudably, as to paper, print, &c., for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you,) being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he never can expect any favour,* his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only afraid if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. It is very possible your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you: and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: the natural imbecility of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the

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* Yet, as Mr. Nichols well notices, Knight was afterwards actually pardoned, so that the present to Mrs. Howard might not, perhaps, be altogether without a motive.

fitter to crawl down the hill together; I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship, at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy: and I found him not grave enough, or consistent enough, for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley: some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I do not much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral, but merely dull: as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it. I admire on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.—I will fully represent to our friend (and I doubt not it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your burgundy, &c. He is an extremely honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence as I am clear of all interest in either party.* I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr. ——— of my not having a pension; and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord. I have

* This was a wise and prudent resolution, to which Pope in general adhered. His feuds were of a literary, not of a political description.

given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole,) that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind, the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever; or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, and the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchinson, in that place, to which God of his infinite mercy, bring us and everybody!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

—o—

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.*

SIR, Jan. 3, 1729–30.

SEEING your frank on the outside, and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us: That your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds *per annum*, and by the terror of squireship, frighting my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year; that having held from your father an island worth threepence a-year, which I planted and paid two shillings annually for, and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years' tithe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a-year, (as I remember,) and still continue to stop it, on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows and abeles, than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend, "That this talent of esquires prevailed very much formerly in the country: that as to yourself, from the badness of your education, against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast of your nature, as well as another circum-

* The Dean, who increased the glebe of Laracor, from one to twenty acres, resented with great vehemence, any attempt to infringe upon the property he had added to it. Some dispute of the kind gave rise to this severe letter.

stance which I shall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: that I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you: that I conceived this letter was an answer: that from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid, full of very bad language in all senses: that a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager; and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or distinction of persons, has no regard, in his insolence, but to the passion of fear: and how heartily I wish that, to make you shew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St. Patrick's."

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me, "I was an ill guesser; that you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman, by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to."

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny, that according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger; the weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe, you are insensible. A needle against a stone wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains: stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years' purchase for land,

for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt; for I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it; for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue: for I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new-years to you and your family: and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour, so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness; which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so, my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good: for, with every fault of your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Feb. 12, 1729–30.

DEAR DEAN,

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you: but it is the first I can call a letter: the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your demands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am——

Well, I might end here if I would; but I cannot part with you so soon; and I must let you know, that, as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I still keep your two hundred pounds, for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man who has nine children to feed, cannot long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five that are very fit for the table.* I only wait for the lord-mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, entitled, "A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which, having been neglected, he satirically and humorously proposed to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public.—H.

a certain great man * makes another entertainment at Chelsea. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money, but that you seemed to point it out to me. For, just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*Anglice* covers] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to Lady Bathurst, as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and, having convinced her, that, as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest: and upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for, if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident while his wife lies in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to

* Sir Robert Walpole.—B.

me; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland; for, in all probability, we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe, indeed, we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly * not far from Westminster-hall, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow.† For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but, if I guessed right, four or five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. Well, adieu, you begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

London, March 3, 1729–30.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have writ to you before, to have let you know the present state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you think of me as to my own. I have received £21, 13*s.* 4*d.* interest from Lord Bathurst for your £200 from Oct. 1727 to Christmas 1729, being two years and two months, at £5 *per cent.* Lord Bathurst gave me a note for your £200 again, and to allow interest for the same, dated Jan. 15, 1729–30. If you would have me

* The parliament. † Sir Robert Walpole.—B.

dispose of your money any other way, I shall obey your orders. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting anything for you. My old, vamped play, got me no money, for it had no success. I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the Duke of Queensberry, with an intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. Pope a day or two ago, in good spirits, and with good wishes for you: for we always talk of you. The Doctor* does the same. I have left off all great folk but our own family; perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I do not hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the Duchess of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens.†

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* Dr. Arbuthnot.

† Indorsed, "Answered March 1."—N.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, March 4, 1729–30.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

IT is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts, but will when you please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy, honest man;* and, by this work of his, he hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years. This debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and, having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at Westminster, and they are excellent scholars; the eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

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* Mr. Wesley, a learned clergyman, then publishing, by subscription, a Commentary on the Book of Job.

He is a man in years, yet hearty, and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to, and under the wing of, Mr. Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such a humble servant in being that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whalley all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter; he seems to be in great hopes; I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your lord-lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulkeley.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

March 31, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me to get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. Lewis told me last Sunday, that he was, in a day or two, to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are likely to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, wherever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstances, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I cannot bear to pawn five pounds' worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility, but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not likely to see his Rouen brother very soon, for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me, he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the sour hermitage. My Lord Oxford told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and has promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from China. I assure you, too, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When Lord Bolingbroke is in

town, he lodges at Mr. Chetwynd's, in Dover Street. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account.* I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can for a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed. Upon this occasion I now and then have seen Jo. Taylor, who says he has a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to anybody else: and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. Pope's. The duke, too, is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should again incur the displeasure of my superiors. I cannot for my life think so well of them as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, Lord Cornbury, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in England, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

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* Of the Duke of Queensberry's, to whom Gay acted as private secretary.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the House of Lords, Lord Bathurst spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. Pope's: in a day or two, very probably, I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest money; though by looking upon accounts, I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave Jo. Taylor to speak for me. To-day I dine with Alderman Barber, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not Chartres's misfortunes* grieve you? For that great man is likely to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P.S.—I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

April 12, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man; moreover, he is above

* He was condemned at the Old Bailey, Feb. 27, 1729–30, for a rape.—B.

seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his Commentary on Job among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among such as are believers, or readers of scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry.* Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a Whig as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P.S.—I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think, that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the public,† so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was

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* See Vol. X. where, in the Battle of the Books, Homer is said to have slain Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel. He was author of a poem entitled The Life of Christ.

† A just and sensible criticism on epistolary writings, which we should bear in our minds while we are reading this collection of Letters.—Dr. WARTON.

intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us, therefore, on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power, produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. I know you will be angry with me if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within these few weeks,) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu.

I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

—o—

TO THE REVEREND MR. BLACHFORD,*

AT WICKLOW.

SIR,

I BEGGED some mutton of you, and you put me off with a barrel of ale; these disappointments we must endure. But the main business is, whether it be of your own brewing, and here is another *silentium.* I knew we must not look a gift horse in the mouth, but ale must look into ours.

There is another point; I would fain know what title you have to send me ale, or anything else, when you hardly ever see the inside of the deanery, or taste my bad wine.

I have had intentions to drink some of your Wicklow ale upon the place, because I fancy it is better where it grows; and, in such a case, it will not be improper that the minister should be actually residing.

I shall observe your directions of keeping it, and Mr. John Grattan will be delighted with ale strong and stale, or beer stout and clear.

You are a stranger to these proverbs. I am truly obliged to you for remembering me; although it be the duty of you country-folks, as it is of us town-folks, to forget you, and therefore we have a legal title to your presents.

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* This letter, with other two to the same gentleman, have now, for the first time, appeared in Swift's correspondence. The Rev. Mr. John Blachford, to whom they are addressed, was a prebendary of Wicklow, a clergyman of respectability and talents, and grandfather to the late highly accomplished Mrs. Henry Tighe, author of Pysche.

However, for once I will break this rule, by assuring you, that I have been, am, and shall be always,

Your obedient and obliged servant.

Dublin, April 16, 1731.

—o—

TO LADY WORSLEY.*

MADAM, April 19, 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years than, in regard to my own reputation as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your ladyship, when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great-grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up, daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter; and to inform me of your health and humour; and whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having so long conversed with the Irish world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grand-

* Frances Lady Worsley, only daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount Weymouth, was the lady of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., and mother to Lady Carteret.

children? My Lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion; for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the king, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort, (if such another can be found,) for fear of turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton?* (I forget her new name.) I saw her three years ago, at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them; which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My Lady Carteret has made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as hers is. For you know, I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the queen, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said, "She intended a medal for me, but it was not finished." I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds' worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day.† Therefore, I will

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* The niece of Sir Isaac Newton, and married, first, to Colonel Barton, afterwards to Mr. Conduit. She is very frequently mentioned in the Journal to Stella.

† This negligence the Dean often alludes to, and never either forgot or forgave.

trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a bachelor, to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

June 30, 1730.

DEAR DEAN,

I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately; but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scenes of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was;* and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you would see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack-bills, historical accounts, fables, and God knows what.

* London.—N.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs; but really, the hurry of business which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of Britain was long defended against the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the Chinese, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the Tartars. Now I think of it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, so far; and farthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications aforementioned in anywise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as anybody; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them,

and transport them into Norfolk,* to place them as an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I do not like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong as you may conceive, to desire that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. Pope; so that I have detained only one for myself. I do not believe such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

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* To Houghton, the seat of Sir Robert Walpole, which he rebuilt with more splendour than was consistent with his good sense and prudence, considering to what odious imputations an incautious display of wealth always subjects a prime minister.

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, July 4, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you will not write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Amesbury, at the Duke of Queensberry's. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name.* You might ride upon the Downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five and twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by General Dormer, (who is here,) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish anything would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but I met no return; so I have given up

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr. John Hoadly, succeeded Archbishop King in the see of Dublin, January 19, 1729–30.—B.

all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I do not like; it is what I would not choose. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment: for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot: so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, in the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters: for, since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once since I left London: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, July 15, 1730.

Reverend Sir,

Mr. Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with

you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way; this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them everything seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say anything to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was: Peggy is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them; if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master Whalley is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.*

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

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* Whalley's law-suit is noticed by the Dean in a preceding letter to Pope, 6th March, 1728–9.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever; but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday; he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir,

Your most affectionate, humble servant,

OXFORD.

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, Cirencester, Sept. 9, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a Dutch burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. "I shew all your letters to our Irish wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of English bulls and blunders." And for farther security, you add at last, "I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shall not be back again, God knows when." I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that, according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine. But if you grow obstinate, and won't answer, I will plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I will take your works to pieces, and shew you, that they are all borrowed or stolen. Have not you stolen the sweetness of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise

about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the style—a great matter indeed, for an Englishman to value himself upon, that he can write English: why, I write English too, but it is in another style.

But I would not forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little farther into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and do not remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the French writers; none of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the last age among us abounded in; none of those pretty similes, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.*

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess,† I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it,

* Daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, Swift's original, although inefficient, patron. For the ladies of the family, Swift had much respect, and Lady Betty Germain, who had the honour to join him in a copy of verses so early as 1702, (See Vol. XIV. p. 56,) retained his friendship and regard while he had the power of recognising any one. Her letters to the Dean are distinguished by their firmness and freedom.

† Mrs. Barber probably.

you may be very sure she should not fail of my entreaties to his Grace of Dorset for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is: so till my Lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at Windsor, and I choose rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing, as that lord's lady; and whether just or no, I will not attempt disputing with her ladyship. But as you are commonly esteemed by those who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him (in Lady Betty's chamber *) where "the happy composition" † should exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I would not mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue, as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful, humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

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* Alluding to the first line in Frances Harris's petition.—H.

† This expression alludes to the last verse of Swift's "Receipt to form a Beauty,"

"And called the happy composition Floyd."

Biddy Floyd is mentioned in the Ballad on the Game of Traffic, as being one of the party at Lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with Lady Betty.—H. It will be observed, that Lady Betty Germain's letters often refer to the poems and jests which were current while Swift was an inmate of her father's family.

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, Nov. 7, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

So you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can; which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. Pope, indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me that the letters which are directed to him concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a-shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me: I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and I believe that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to England this year? He thinks you do.

I wish you would; and so does the Duchess o Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, Come, spend me: and your friends cry, Come, see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you will call at Amesbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the Downs; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and a half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court.* I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce anybody else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not; for you shall have all your share of talk,† which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so in

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* Stephen Duck, a poor thresher, having written some verses, they were shewn to Queen Caroline; who made him her library-keeper at Richmond. He afterward took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.—H.

† Mr. Gay was reserved in his conversation.—H.

revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany.

I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I do not know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it or not, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to Amesbury; and you must be persuaded, that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P.S. BY THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

I would fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome; for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person,) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

When my Lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre:* for his grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury Downs, having rid over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidental fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And

her grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement, (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement,) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and everybody weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you: but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself: I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty; with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom

they are celebrated. If you see Mr. Cæsar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer; it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

November 10, 1730.

MY LORD,

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my Lord Sussex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the Duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the Duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship;† but they all failed, after

* The celebrated, accomplished, and witty Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

† Lord-steward.

the usual fate that the bulk of court suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, "The poor" (meaning their own dependants) "you have always with you," &c.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favour for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal, and that my Lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves: and then let my petition be, (to speak in my own trade,) "a drop in the bucket."

Remember, my lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because

you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it; which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordship.

I am, my Lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

DEAR SIR,

THE passage in Mr. Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in the morning, of the electuary marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time when you are troubled with it; or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a-day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or anything you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord-lieutenant† has a

* Indorsed, "Received Nov. 13, 1730."—H.

† The Duke of Dorset.—H.

mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not writ to her since she wrote to you. I have shewed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what serves to tell you, that I am, with great sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. Helsham to be physician to the lord-lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My respects to him and Dr. Delany.

A.

℞ pulv. rad. ipecacoanæ, ℈j.

B.

℞ conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ʒvj. rubigin. martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. syrup e succo kermes, q. s.

C.

℞ as. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. M. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ cortic. peruviani elect. rubigin. martis ana ʒj. digere tepidè in vini alb. Gallic. lb. ij per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor, ana ʒij. misce.*

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated; nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues: which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done.† I believe

* As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters, for strengthing the stomach, is added.

Take of zedoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange peel, a drachm; lesser cardamom seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring water for six hours; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.—H.

† After the amazing success of the Beggars' Opera, Gay produced another, with the name (which was now become so popular) of "Polly." This, as it was supposed to contain severe and pointed sarcasms on the court, and those in power, was forbid to be acted by the Lord Chamberlain. In consequence of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry's warmly taking up Gay's cause, they were forbid the court. The following high-spirited

my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant,* may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess, at the same time, that he had six times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and,

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letter was sent by the duchess to the king and queen, copies of which were generally circulated:

"That the Duchess of Queensberry is surprised, and well pleased, that the king has given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the king and queen.

"She hopes, by such an unprecedented order as this, that the king will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think, or speak truth. I do not do otherwise, nor ought not; nor could have imagined, that it would not have been the very highest compliment I could possibly pay to the king, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house.

"Particularly when the king and queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own word, rather than by his grace of Grafton's, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, or honour, during this whole affair, either for himself or his friends." —[DODINGTON PAPERS, March 4, 1728–9.]

* The lines which this nobleman quoted from Homer, on his deathbed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the peace, were as happily applied, as the apology he used to Swift for some harsh measures in Ireland:

"——— Regni novitas me talia cogit
Moliri." Dr. WARTON.

Do this, and he doeth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted,* and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess, I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease, as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which, all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce, to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull toward the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to

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* The queen.

within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my £200 to have left place for as many more.

—o—

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,

MY beginning thus low, is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages* before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with

* He means Queen Caroline; and her neglect of Gay, which recommended him to the Duchess of Queensberry.—Dr. WARTON.

whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless; for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

November 21, 1730.

MADAM,

I DO now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness, that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked anything, till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Yours I received, and the queen, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following; yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor anything less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen shall sit at

least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes, as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That when I was last in England, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity; from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice: and when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England; which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the queen pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons, which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him; although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence; and although, as I said before, I told

her majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment among you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to Prince William; which I hope his royal highness will often read, for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances; promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked anything more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman; but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation, of a favourite; where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teazed with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit; and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope has always been an advocate for your sincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confess, I never heartily

pledged your health as a toast, upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For, as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the queen all I have said of her; and in my own words if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit,* to put you in mind of its mortality: for you are not the first, by at least three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune.† It is allowed, that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, "that, from something that had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill." After all, I know no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person: for I must except the queen, and it is not an exception of form: because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms

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* This character was written in the year 1727; and may be consulted, vol. IX. p. 270.

† The Dean probably alludes to the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Masham, and the Duchess of Somerset, all of whom had been favourites of Queen Anne.

to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Amesbury, Dec. 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in London; and they are sent hither by his porter. We shall stay here till after the holidays. You say we deserve envy: I think we do; for I envy no man either in town or out of it. We have had some visitors, and every one of them such as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some,) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, has no discernment. I really think you may safely venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion, contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours; and in all disputes you shall convince me if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness: it is from this first, that I determined not to like one who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or not I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should choose to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than it is possible any one

can deserve. Pray come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults except their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet-laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I do not know.

C. Q.

Mr. Gay is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I do not care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow, for so small a sum as two hundred pounds, you have a lumping pennyworth.

—o—

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Hague, Dec. 15, 1730.

SIR,

YOU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitations: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply, since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond.* I have always heard a very good

* Mr. Lancelot, whom the Dean, in a preceding letter, had recommended to Lord Chesterfield for a place in the royal house-

character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office,* I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied those engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Lancelot shall be my first care. I confess his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it, but as it is so remote he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person who was the author of my crime would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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hold. His lordship evades the request with characteristic politeness. Upon the 5th January following, the Dean returns his lordship a most admirable answer in his own manner.

* Of lord-steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the Duke of Dorset, appointed Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

December 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to Dean Swift, that I have not answered his letter I received before the last; for even Prebendary Head assured my brother Harry, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being a major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know whether you or I were to write last: because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I certainly ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill this fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. Barber; as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ****'s poems to the Duke and Duchess of Dorset. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we cannot spell; but that is by way of inviolable secret between you and me. So

much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well I do so, because this gets a proof, that after so many years' acquaintance, there is one that will take my word; which is a certain sign that I have not often broke it. Therefore, behold the consequence is this; I have given my word to the Duke of Dorset, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mr. Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to shew my power with his grace, (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of where justice or good nature is necessary; but to shew you his dependence on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to give; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of Dorset, (whether my proper business or not,) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am,

Your friend and faithful humble servant,

E. Germain.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

December 28, 1730.

You might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor. that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination; I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

Jon. Swift.

—o—

TO LADY SANTRY.

Madam, [1730, at a conjecture.]

My reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at Sir Compton Domville's* house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of

* Lady Santry's brother.—D. S.

the visit I had made you; and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son.* I will not believe your ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself; but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But, if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account, which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I had said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Lord Santry.—D. S.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730–31.

My Lord,

I return your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter; and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he has no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there; and what could I expect, from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship, in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! and God forbid, that in one particular branch

of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in farther excuse of my weakness, to confess, that besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that, as in my time the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

January 17, 1730–31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the

medicina animi, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison specific. Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, while I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation * is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: national corruption must be purged by national calamities. Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

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* Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his Philosophical Works, intending to depreciate Christianity, by shewing that it has not had a general effect on the morals of mankind, nor produced a real reformation; an argument nothing to the purpose, nor any impeachment of the doctrines of the gospel; even if it were founded, as it certainly is not.—Dr. WARTON.

—o—

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, Feb. 9, 1730–31.

Dear Sir,

Among the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in England, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem: but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired Pope, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you, with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be with greater sincerity than I am,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. Pulteney.

P.S.—If any of our pamphlets (with which we

abound) are ever sent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has driven certain people to that last resort of calling names.* Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this Dr. Arbuthnot has written a very humorous treatise,† which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly gothic and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore, were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators, abused one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of objurgation should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Tully, are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted, he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

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* In consequence of the exchange of two very violent and scurrilous pamphlets, a duel was fought between Pulteney and Lord Hervey, in which the latter was dangerously wounded.

† Probably that published in the Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot, at Glasgow, vol. I. p. 40. The title of the piece is, "A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglicut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients."—B.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

February 23, 1730–31.

Now were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions; but do not flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father ever to please myself when I could; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying;* yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your messages this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my Dame Wadgar's † first impression, have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat,‡ she deserves his poetry in her praises.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty happy to have you call that a favour;

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* Lady Berkeley was of a pious and retired disposition, while Lady Betty Germain was of a gay and lively temper.

† The deaf house-keeper at Lord Berkeley's.—H.

‡ Colley Cibber.—H.

for surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor anything so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

Mrs. Lloyd is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

March 20, 1730–31.

I THINK it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since, I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing, by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, he, and I, dined together yesterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord Bathurst has this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to twelve pounds, and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I

receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but three pounds *per cent.*

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market-price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders, and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of January last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Amesbury in Wiltshire, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's in Burlington Gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir John Cutler. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at Salisbury, and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling weather* as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may

* A phrase of the Dean's, to express weather which rendered a hackney-coach necessary.

long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it does not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

March 29, 1731.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by

philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates,) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the gales of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recal the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds

him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain: when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.* You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P.S. BY MR. POPE.

My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; and this is all she does. I have reason to thank God, for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but, perhaps, may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to

* She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a beautiful person, and very agreeable manners. Her letters were written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much observation. Madame de Maintenon mentions her in her letters. Dr. Trapp told me, that Lord Bolingbroke, boasting one day of his former gallantries, she said to him, smiling, "When I look at you, methinks I see the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceased to flow." —Dr. Warton.

enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made so strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book,* to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*† While we do live, we must make the best of life.

" *Cantantes* licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus,"‡

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into

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* He means his "Essay on Man;" and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their present state, without looking to another. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" in direct opposition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable. —Dr. Warton.

† "Thus, thus it pleases us to pass through life."—S.

‡ "Let us still go singing on, to beguile the tediousness of the way."—S.

the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the meantime Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject: that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except a sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean is that, where you say you told Dr. Delany the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelation, &c.*

It happened, that while I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: he

* In this maxim all bigoted divines and free-thinking politicians agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of the state. And, would they be content to take these points for granted themselves, without injuring those in their fortunes and reputations, who are for inquiring into, and settling them, on their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their piety or their wisdom; but when they begin to persecute those who venture to assume this natural liberty, then they unmask their hypocrisy and Machiavelianism.—WARBURTON.

was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations,* a small part, as I understand, of his work; and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them, against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be, that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true: the first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

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* The work here alluded to, was the first volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation Examined with Candour," published 1732; a work written in a florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity than of sound reason and argument. The same may be said of the author's "Life of King David." Witness the first dissertation on the forbidden fruit; the second, concerning the knowledge of the brute world conveyed to Adam; the third, of the knowledge of marriage given to Adam; the sixth, concerning the difficulties and objections that lie against the MOSAIC account of the fall; the fifteenth, on some *difficulties relating to Noah's ark* considered. The best of his works seems to be his "Reflections on Polygamy." Dr. Delany was an amiable, benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer. His Defence of Revelation is of a very different cast from such solid and masterly works as the Bishop of Llandaff's "Apology for the Bible," and Archdeacon Paley's "Evidences of Christianity."—Dr. WARTON.

P.S. BY MR. POPE.

I HOPE what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or keep here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free man.* Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention: though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though, in my way, I receive as many injuries as my betters: but I do not feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else are so of being ridiculous. I fancy if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit if I can take off any man, from grating or satirical subjects merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity

* By his mother's death.

of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. Delany's book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkeley's,* though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me:† I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c.——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.——But the rest

* A very lively and ingenious book, called, "The Minute Philosopher."—WARBURTON. A book that deserves a much higher encomium than being *lively* and *ingenious;* as containing, perhaps, a stronger defence of Revelation than the "Divine Legation of Moses."—Dr. WARTON.

† See his epistle to Gay, vol. XIV. p. 261.

of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

MADAM,

SINCE Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way, in all places, except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind: which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it,) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and, consequently, am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these

disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For, I profess, you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August 1714,* and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company; which, however, I think, was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in anything but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen; which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness,

* The date of Queen Anne's death.

prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

I HAVE just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in amounts to at present (all debts paid) about three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money, which Lord Bathurst paid into my hands some time ago. I left that sum, with £200 of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us.

This can be done with the overplus, with the interest money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at Amesbury; getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, of water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left London, I made a visit to Mrs. Barber. I wish I could anywise have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. And they have subscribed, and I proposed it before Jo. Taylor; who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she has given you an account that she has some prospect of success from other recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. Pope's health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especi-

ally you would have answered my last letter, as it was about a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DUCHESS.

It was Mr. Gay's fault that I did not write sooner; which, if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours; for, to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse when people do not fancy themselves sick. Mr. Gay knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name any fixed time that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I do not happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards, you will be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for, till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

The direction is to the Duke of Queensberry's in Burlington Gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one,

which is coming; get over your lawsuit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "He shall not write a word more from Amesbury, in Wiltshire. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

April 19, 1731.

I NEVER designed to have written to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man from whom you can get nothing, nor expect anything, is doing mischief for mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the £200 I had of yours; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your deanery brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method that you may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you

must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses; I will find exercise for you. Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expense in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that women's milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been; and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the Drapier been a milk-sop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delany and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time; when you live in that regular way, which I shall propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of Durham. For, if you keep cows instead of horses, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume seven or eight hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in

your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lord-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir Arthur * and my lady, will for the future be confined to prose; and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. Austin says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum.* Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation, and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. Austin's *vinum dæmonum.*

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body: I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar Bacon prescribed to the Pope who lived in his days. Read his Cure of Old Age, and Preservation of Youth, chapter the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, used the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed

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* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat, in a village called Market-hill, in Ireland, the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir Arthur and my lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's bawn should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The Old Thorn is that cut down at Market-hill, the subject of a little poem written by Swift.—See Vol. XV. p. 197. —H.

out the road which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (and he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him,) I will, without fail, supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ.* Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet, at Richkings,* where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out of his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman.

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* A seat of his lordship's, in Buckinghamshire.—B.

So, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious. Adieu. Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious, or cunning.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, April 27, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

YOURS without a date I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. Pope, who is much better: I dined with him at Lord Oxford's; who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after everything that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you very much too in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will by this time have heard has buried Lady Catherine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour Mr. Lewis was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I saw two or three times; who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. Blount's, and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the meantime by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see

you, I shall convince you that you mistake her.* This day before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-Sea or India bonds for you, which carry £4 *per cent.*, and are as easily turned into ready money as bank bills, which, by this time, I suppose is done. I shall go to London again for a few days in about a fortnight or three weeks, and then I will take care of the twelve pound affair with Mrs. Launcelot, as you direct; or, if I hear of Mr. Pope's being in town, I will do it sooner, by a letter to him. When I was in town (after a bashful fit, for having writ something like a love-letter, and in two years making one visit,) I writ to Mrs. Drelincourt, to apologise for my behaviour, and received a civil answer, but had not time to see her; they are naturally very civil: so that I am not so sanguine to interpret this as any encouragement. I find by Mrs. Barber, that she very much interests herself in her affair; and indeed from everybody who knows her she answers the character you first gave me.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promise you, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks that I have not given. I do not know what to say to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, besides those I live with. In

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* See Lady Betty Germain's Letters, of Nov. 7, 1732; and Feb. 8, 1732-3.—H.

short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together when you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for, speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I do not think myself worth thinking on: so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

—o—

TO VENTOSO.

April 28, 1731.

SIR,

YOUR letter has lain by me without acknowledging it, longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say; for, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I

think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you: for, you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess, that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and besides, you run the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions; and of others, who either really, or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous person; of which last notion I once hinted something to you: because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes, and other great persons, arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because an universal opinion, among those who know or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, has done you more hurt, than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly confessing it to those with whom he converses. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded; but, I doubt,

our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs; and that you would take an oath, never to mention a prince or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the climate and company where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffeehouse. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or restraint; nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he has no proper claim to it; for you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country business and country acquaintance; or, at best, with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure

who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more from me; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. Pope, who finds the effects of age and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I do not know what number of chaplains the Duke of Dorset intends to carry over; but, as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he as worthy, honest, sensible a man, as any I know, Mr. Brandreth, who, I believe, was recommended to your acquaintance. I have not been in a way of seeing Mrs. Barber this great while; but I hear (and I hope it is so) that she goes on in her subscription very well; nor has the lady she so much feared done her any harm, if she endeavoured it, which is more than I know that she did. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I

will neither teaze you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely

Your faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT, habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you anything that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose,) I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times *non est tanti.* As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon: they consist of little accidental things writ in the country: family amusements, never intended farther than to divert ourselves and some neighbours: or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to

write a weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself, and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions,) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated,)* the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town: and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine, since I left you; there are, in prose, a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a Libel on Dr. Delany† and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen copy;) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen copy;) the Plea of the Damned (a stolen copy:) all these

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* Richard Tighe.

† Of these papers, Nos. I., III., and XIX. are printed in vol. IX. p. 84. Nos. V. and VII. contain the Essay on the Fates of Clergymen, vol. VIII. p. 221. The verses in No. VIII. are the dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Tim, and those in No. X. are "Tim and the Fables." No. XV. contains an exposition of the causes of the public distress in Ireland.

have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verse writ in the north but perfect *family things*,* two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man † is the most hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. Delany is one of his patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about £100 a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and, in proper time, die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose,‡ begun above twenty-eight years

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* A very excellent, because perfect, sort of primitive verses, which never rose above daily topics, and the *chat* of the times. The greatest part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not of any work of the Dean's that can be strictly called *poetical*. Our bards of this species are numerous.—Dr. WARTON.

† His name was Pilkington; and he was husband of the lady who wrote Memoirs of her own Life.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Polite Conversation.

ago, and almost finished. It will make a four shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age,* which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. ———, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case with little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Directions to Servants.

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A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE QUEEN.*

MADAM, Dublin, June 22, 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye: and, of consequence, from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations; that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honour to her country, and to her sex: I will be bold to say, not less so in her

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* Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the Queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope; dated June 22, 1731; received July 19, 1731; given by the Countess of Suffolk." The subject of this mysterious epistle has been already canvassed in the biographical sketch. It is indignantly disavowed by Swift, and there are many expressions in it which cannot be supposed to accord with his general sentiments. Yet the purpose of so gross a fabrication, if it be one, seems utterly inexplicable.

sphere than your majesty in yours. And yet all talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majesty's capital; known to Lady Hertford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c.; a woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God has blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character, by your regard to persons of genius; especially those, who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your Majesty's most dutiful
and loyal subject and servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the Duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first, I thought I had done with the lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse; and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride; I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. ——,* why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I sometimes reproach you for not honouring me in letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, "Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here! Positively I will not write a syllable more." She is an ungrateful duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth seven thousand pounds, which will bring you three hundred *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard méat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

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* Drelincourt, for such it seems was the name of the lady for whom, or for her fortune, Gay had some inclination.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inkling of the matter, (your grace will hardly believe it,) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect,

Your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY.

THE DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

You are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For, if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at some times, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not to compare with yours when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can; and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

MR. GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself your lawsuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. Howard is now Countess of Suffolk. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess will be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you, as to own, that I think she is of my side; but, in short, you shall choose any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. Pope has seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for, I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, nor seen her; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time: therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it has formerly left you, I will hope that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are.

As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed.* Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUCHESS.

WHAT you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her style: it was a thousand to one she had said so; but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you; for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we will tell you, if you will come.

MR. GAY.

BY your letter I cannot guess whether we are likely to see you or not. Why might not the Amesbury Downs make you better?

THE DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

MR. GAY tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent

* Upon this inaccurate supposition the Dean wrote a poem, in which, under pretence of giving advice to Gay in his stewardship, he seriously satirises Sir Robert Walpole's administration. Vol. XIV. p. 261.

away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited; which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions: so pray, come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

MR. GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours, who has lately had the dignity of being disgraced;* for he, and everybody, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I paid the twelve pounds to Mrs. Launcelot, for the uses you directed. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, I wish to be so in many; I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks' hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long

* William Pulteney, Esq., who, July 1, 1731, was, by order of King George II., struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.—B.

to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

July 20, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere; and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delany said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her

way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declined in the world because she has a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, "That her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument."* Yet I am told assuredly, that the king, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian Envoy, (with a hard name,) who has married a grand-daughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, "That I had put up

* See a preceding letter to Lord Carteret, 10th May, 1728.

that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the King of Prussia." This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a Whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was Stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter sent me concluded, "Your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attend but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion, as to write next post to my Lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will shew what I write to the queen; although I have as much reason to complain of her, as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which made her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me, "she complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that

they too easily receive bad impressions: and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel: and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the letter† ********** **** of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

July 24, 1731.

MADAM,

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame; for, you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you civilly: but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse: for your title has not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page, which follow the asterisks.—N.

am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason, I am told, there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems, the queen thinks that these letters were written by me: and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post, I wrote my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope, who tells me, "that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters;" which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the queen, "Whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her?" I never asked her for anything: and you well know, that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not: and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein, I confess, I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral; and that the king said publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between

him and the king of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion,) that when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterward have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet will they never be reconciled: And although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you; and as little to the king, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly: for which I shewed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart,) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling with him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber; whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland; for the miseries of this kingdom she

appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness of her majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in such a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the queen, that I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her: neither did I ever once see the late king, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account for my singularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, farther than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score, had a most particular respect for the queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: and, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Echlin will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which, by the way, I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with Heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I

suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend,* my late Lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in my power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr. Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so, would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not

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* Ironical. Bolingbroke's hatred to Oxford breaks forth on all occasions.

pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means.*

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir John Marsham,† on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him even in this part, I know not; for, having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others, who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials

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* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," in which he professes to have adopted Lord Bolingbroke's principles,

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;"

and which Lord Bolingbroke, in a subsequent part of this letter, says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered. —H.

† A learned English historian, chronologist, and linguist. He was a zealous loyalist during the time of the civil war, and died in 1685. His works had chiefly reference to scriptural chronology, to which it would seem the passage in the text refers. His chief treatise is entitled Chronicus Canon.

of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius,* has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations, (and it is often impossible to make any others,) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost anything by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teazed me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of anything of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity,

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* The learned Bishop of Cæsarea, in the fourth century, in his "Chronicon," published by Joseph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amsterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.—B.

any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign.* But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the Second of Spain, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full or *piu magra*, the word is Father Paul's, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step further than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend: I shall dignify my retreat;

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* This probably alludes to a tract called "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," of which Lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. Pope's means. See Gent. Mag. Vol. XIX. p. 195.—H.

and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say that you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep, before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown overboard. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there: the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing, what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much, at least, as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being: The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system: And the third, which shews how—

> "——— A universal cause
> Works to one end, but works by various laws;"

How man, and beast, and vegetables are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same:—these three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting.* You

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* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

> "Happier as kinder in each due degree,
> And height of bliss but height of charity."

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others, anything more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal?—H.

admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state, which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted.*

You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by these

* That is, will not reconcile the present unequal dispensation to the divine justice.—H.

means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the Craftsman, which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the Final Answer,* took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister, crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said, neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the thing said, ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from

* This pamphlet was written by Lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, 1731. It is entitled, "A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May."

these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be be raised, is raised; it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger, said my Lord Carbury.

It is well for you, I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

—o—

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

You and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed

between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: * one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy. I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: a lord-lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a-year—why, you need not stare: it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her grace—Lo, here comes in the duchess again, (I know her by her d d's: but am a fool for discovering my art,) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.—Madam, I will imitate your grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns, indeed, almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to

* Dialogues of Polite Conversation, and Directions to Servants.

half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, (as your grace knows,) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental;* some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other: and the merest trifles I ever wrote, are serious philo-

* As were the subjects of the "Lutrin," and "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dispensary."—Dr. WARTON.

sophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

To shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the Duchess of Dorset's country house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents; for had I had that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy, as I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I believe I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine drinker in my family; and upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits; it is the thing I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my Lord Peterborow plagued Sir John* all his life-time; but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man. I saw Mrs. Barber

* Sir John Germain of Drayton, Lady Betty's husband.

the day before I came out of town, and should be mighty glad to serve her; but cannot say so much by her husband, whom, for her sake, I recommended to the Duke of Dorset to buy his liveries of. The first thing he did was to ask a greater price than anybody else; and when we were at Whit-church, where I attended their graces, he was informed he had not cloth enough in his shop, and he feared they would not be ready against he came over.

I hope in God I shall soon hear of their safe landing;* and I do not question the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them; for, if you do not spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natured, great-souled man that ever was born. As to my duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy anybody upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so, for his own sake, you must like him: and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy† is just the same as she was; laughs sedately, and makes a joke slily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

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* The Duke and Duchess of Dorset.—H.

† Biddy Floyd.—H.

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TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones that may add another thousand pound to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good, when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more: O happy, &c., such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found

the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead.* I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low Church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work: and I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to

* His celebrated and excellent verses on his own death.

every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the meantime, I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the duchess, ever since you met, has been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your grace that the duchess's great secret in her art of government, has been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I HAVE consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound

Behmist assures me the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw, and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, Madam, your grace's most obedient, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.*

SIR, Hampton Court, Sept. 25, 1731.

YOU seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones,) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish drapier, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this Irish patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the

* This is a spirited answer, somewhat in the tone of recrimination, to two or three letters which the Dean had written to her with some asperity. The last respected the alleged forged letter to the Queen in behalf of Mrs. Barber.

scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. Barber; and Lady M——* or Mrs. Haywood† have writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find everybody inclined to think you had no hand in writing these letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. Patrick's cathedral,‡ that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced *I* shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, yet you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed Captain Gulliver. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my

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* Lady Mary Wortley Montague, perhaps.

† Mrs. Haywood, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.—H.

‡ On the Duke of Schomberg, often mentioned in this correspondence. It contains some strong reflections on the duke's descendants. See Vol. XIV. p. 366.

falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in *my own Character?** or am I to follow my own inclination, and continue very truly, and very much, your humble servant,

H. SUFFOLK.

—o—

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN.†

SIR, [July, 1732.]

I RECEIVED your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time not only to consider it

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* A character which she had, doubtless, some reason to resent, although it was drawn in the meridian of her fortune, when the Dean had expectations from her influence on Gay's behalf, and perhaps on his own. Lady Suffolk told Lord Oxford, that she could contrast it with one of a more favourable complexion, which she had in the Dean's own hand. For that here alluded to, see Vol. IX. p. 270. The Lilliputian crown and plaid were presents from the Dean.

† Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an ancient and good family in Ireland, sent a present of a cask of Spanish Cassalia wine to the Dean, also a green velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were inclosed a paraphrase, in Miltonic verse, on the seven penitential Psalms of David, and several original pieces in verse and prose, particularly the Adventures of Eugenius; and an Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier to the Princess Sobieski, wherein he represents himself to have been a principal negotiator; it was written in the novel style, but a little heavily. His letter to the Dean contained also remarks on the Beggars' Opera, in which he censures the taste of the people of England and Ireland; and concluded with paying the Dean the compliment of entreating him to correct his writings. The Dean receiving them about the time (1732) Mr. Pilkington was coming to London as chaplain to Alderman Barber, he put them into Mr. Pilkington's hands, to look over at his leisure; but quickly recalled them into his own custody. See Pilkington's Memoirs,

maturely myself, but to shew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a scholar, a man of genius and of honour. We guessed him to have been born in this country, from some passages ; but not from the style, which we were surprised to find so correct, in an exile, a soldier, and a native of Ireland. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown ; which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your

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vol. III. p. 168. They were afterward in possession of Deane Swift, Esq. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges. He embarked in the insurrection of 1715. He was appointed, by the Chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the Princess Sobieski, (granddaughter of the famous James Sobieski, King of Poland, who raised the siege of Vienna,) to whom he was married by proxy in Poland ; who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the imperial court, made a prisoner in Tyrol, and closely confined in the castle of Inspruck for some time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to set her at liberty, and bring her safe to Rome, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards ; for which dangerous and gallant service he was made a Roman knight, an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. He wrote an account of this interesting affair, of which the following is the full title :— "FEMALE FORTITUDE exemplified, in an impartial Narrative of the Seizure, Escape, and Marriage of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, as it was particularly set down by Mr. Charles Wogan, (formerly one of the Preston prisoners,) who was a chief-manager in that whole affair. Now published for the entertainment of the curious—*Quo ducunt Fata sequamur.* London, 1722." This gentleman soon after went into the service of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier, or Sir Charles Wogan.

actions, with the addition of such a character, as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the strings of the bag for five days after I received it; concluding it must come from some Irish friar in Spain, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a history, a dedication, a poetical translation of the penitential psalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms, you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very Grecians are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert, that from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humour, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the

like sort in England. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests, and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhymes, and that upon trifles; never having written serious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections where I find anything that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friends in distress. Dublin booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London, it is otherwise; but even there the authors must be in vogue, or if not known, be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the public, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When Milton first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long of going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health, (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more

constant,) could have prevented my passing this summer into England to see my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that case I could have managed this affair myself, and would have readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And in such a case, I would have writ a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satire, both in prose and verse, if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion has been an absolute bar to my rising in the world; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some partiality for such kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in some time of your life, you turned to the rallying part; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime; and, therefore, I find you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the Beggars' Opera, in the persons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very severe satire upon the most pernicious villainies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarrelling with the sentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myself, Dr. Young, and all the brethren

whom we own. Dr. Young is the gravest among us, and yet his satires have many mixtures of sharp raillery.* At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread; and, therefore, I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the Dunciad; and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thomson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons: yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance: *Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:* and yours on the seven psalms, &c., have some advantages that way.

You see, Pope, Gay, and I, use all our endeavours to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry, to prevent, if possible, the evils that have overrun the nation, and my foolish zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched island. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important article;† yet even there I lost all

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* Yet Swift elsewhere writes contemptuously of the author of the Night Thoughts:—

> "So in a saw-pit and wet weather,
> Let Young and Phillips drudge together."

† Against Wood's copper halfpence.

hope of favour from those in power here, and disobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

August 2.

What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might consider farther: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a lawsuit of ten years' standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the distinction you please to show me, desire to be always thought, with great truth and a most particular esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient

and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

We have sometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library; they are small, consequently

more portable in your marches, and which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me.

Dr. Young's Satires.
Mr. Gay's Works.
Mr. Pope's Works.
Pope's Dunciad.
Gay's Fables.
Art of Politics, and some other trifles in verse, &c.

—o—

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe, I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland; for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic* of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well

* A Gallicism for *policy*.

informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no farther. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear of those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease: perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, beside the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence: you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying: That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am sure, your grace is not, no, not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, not talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is farther confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more, for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my

hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give me the best living, &c., if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him, and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

October 26, 1731.

MADAM,

YOUR ladyship's last letter made me a little grave, and in going to answer it, I was in danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean my left elbow) to consider what I should write; which posture I never used except when I was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state; where I am to consider what is to be said. But as I write to a person whom I esteem, I am in no pain at all.

It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope, to give thanks to either of you for justifying me about those

letters sent to the queen, because, to think me guilty, would disgrace your understandings; and, as he is my best friend, so your ladyship owes me no malice, except that of raillery; and good raillery is always sincere. And if her majesty were deceived, it would lessen my opinion of her judgment; which would no otherwise affect me, than by making me sorry upon her own account. But what your ladyship would have me discover, through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral.* I shall not trouble you with a long story—but if ever a numerous venerable body of dignified clergymen had reason to complain of the highest repeated indignity, in return of the greatest honour offered by them, to persons they were wholly strangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I, who proposed the matter to them: which, however, I could have done by my own authority, but rather chose it should be the work of us all. And I will confess it was upon their advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them;† and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out; declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of anything that relates to this kingdom. The Drapier, whom you mention, could not do it in relation to the half-pence. Neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be just now in so miserable condition in every

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* That of the Duke of Schomberg.

† Those, doubtless, which declare the monument to have been erected by the dean and chapter, after repeated but fruitless applications to the duke's relations. The epitaph originally concluded thus: "Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt."

article of distress. Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds? But here I wish your ladyship would put the queen in mind of what passed between her majesty and me, upon the subject of Ireland, when she was Princess of Wales, and appeared so much to pity this distressed kingdom, and gave me leave to write to her if ever I should live to see her queen; that she would answer my letter, and promised, that in such a case she would use all her credit to relieve it. Whereupon I desired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was present, to be witness of what she said; and her majesty confirmed it. I will not ask what the event has been.——If any state scribble writ here should happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyship would continue to do me the justice of believing my innocence, because I lately assured the Duke of Dorset that I would never have a hand in any such thing. But I gave him my reason before his secretary; that looking upon this kingdom's condition as absolutely desperate, I would not prescribe a dose to the dead. Some parts of your letter I do not understand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delany, who is now in London, and whom I once presented to you at Marble-hill. She seems to be a woman of piety and genius; and though I never visited her in my life, yet was I disposed to do her good offices on the doctor's account, and her own good character. By Lady M—— I cannot guess whom you mean. Mrs. Haywood I have heard of as a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman, but have not seen any of her productions. And now, madam, I utterly acquit your ladyship of all things that may concern me, except your good opinion, and that very little share I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a

lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem; but how you act as a friend, is out of my way to judge. As to the queen, whom I never offended, since it would be presumption in me to imagine I ever came voluntarily into her thoughts, so it must be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her presence it is usually to my disadvantage. I remember to have once told her majesty, how hard a thing it was, that when a prince, or great minister, had once received an ill impression of any person, although from the most false information, although the prince were demonstrably convinced of the person's innocence, yet the impression still continued; and her majesty condemned the severity of such a proceeding. I had said the same thing before to Sir R. Walpole; who, upon reporting it to others, was pleased to give it a turn that I did not deserve. I remember the plaid, but I forgot the crown, and the meaning of it. If you had thought fit to have sent me as much of the plaid, as would have made me a morning-cap, before it fell to the share of the lowest of your women, I should have been proud that my head should have worn your livery. But if you are weary of your character, it must lie upon my hands, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyship will not allow it to be a character, I am sure it may pass for a prediction. If you should put the same fancy into the queen's head, I must send her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwise she will not be able to wrap the bundle in it. I fear so long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive; but your ladyship is sure to be easy till Mr. Pope shall tell me that you are content to receive another. I should be heartily sorry if your increase in honour and employment has not been accompanied with increase of health. Let Mr. Pope, in all his letters,

give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the least motive to pity you. For as a courtier, I forgive your *ame endurcie;* which I once charged on my Lord Chesterfield, and he did not dislike it. And you have not a favourite or flatterer, who makes more outward offers of wishes for your ease and happiness, than I do prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed entirely from that respect and esteem, wherewith I am, Madam, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

November 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome.

So much for your *topscript*, not *postscript;* and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over: for I never was for your Hyde Park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country, six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to shew their art; or that think a postilion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming

dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of, because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your Presbyterian house-keeper,* can remember anything like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupets would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture;† if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in England again if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, St. James's Square, or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes; be it Dean of St. Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician drapier. But my choice should be, "the Parson in Lady Betty's chamber."‡

Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige

Your ever sincere hearty old friend,

LADY BETTY.

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* Mrs. Brent, widow of a printer in Dublin, with whom the Dean lodged when a young man.—F.

† The Duchess of Dorset appeared at the castle of Dublin wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his majesty's birthday in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord-lieutenant.—H.

‡ Lady Betty Germain dwells with natural fondness on the recollection of the jeux d'esprit which had passed in the family of her father, Lord Berkeley, when Swift was his chaplain. She alludes to them in most of her letters.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.*

For about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley, and at Twickenham; and I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself; for I find them all exceeding disappointed by the lawsuit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you deciphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury; where I am at present; you may do the same at Dawley; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But, if you rather choose to live with me, (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title,) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over against Ham Walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you; and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell Sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

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* Indorsed, "No date, received Nov. 8, 1731."—H.

THE DUKE.

Mr. Gay tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes has been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here: and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps toward bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court, and have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds.
Sive hig fig gnipite gnaros.*

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* This is another hand; possibly Sir W. Wyndham's.—N.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

December 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with us, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected anything. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses: the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the duchess, (she is such a downright niggard for me,) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he has five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will

hardly allow that a verseman can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, £500; Mr. Pelham, £500; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, £500; Gen. Hill, £500; Lord Masham's son, £500.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship. you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P.S.—Mr. Gay's is a good letter; mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headache that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together; though in one

point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady ——* took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness, perhaps, is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman here, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s† keeping your horses, who has a park: or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like a King Lear with fifty knights.—Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old lord‡ may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord Bolingbroke's, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries, (for countries are but larger parties,) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it.§ I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

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* Suffolk. † Bolingbroke.
‡ Lord St. John, father of Bolingbroke.
§ The Dean's poem on his own death.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c., to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing,* you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have now quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headache, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism,) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and such as it is, I would not repine at it.

All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

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* This was said whilst he was employed on the Essay on Man, not yet published, 1731.—Dr. WARTON.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 11, 1731–2.

It is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, for otherwise I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured, that you were there in person, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me; *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do anything you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos's * account: but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous

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* There is no doubt but Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his Epistle on the Use of Riches in works of taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos. —H.

effect as your design on Biddy's * speech; you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still perforce, for she commonly gets a violent cold, that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly † was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shewed their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but, if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.‡

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both headaches and gout; and, that yours may not be in danger by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

E. GERMAIN.

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* Biddy Floyd.—H.

† Daughter of Dnnis Kelly, Esq., a gentleman of very good estate in Ireland, who was committed to the Tower of London in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender; but nothing could be proved against him.—F.

‡ There are several letters from this young lady to the Dean, from which it seems she had great reason to complain of the manner in which her father treated her. She died of a consumption, as is afterwards noticed in the course of the Dean's correspondence.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Jan. 18, 1731–2.

IT is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours, again to try to find Lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him: so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and, if anything can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter, you see how I decline in favour: but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should.

The letter which you writ to me and the duke, I received; and Mr. Pope shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I choose to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I choose to leave it where it is till you want it, as it carries some

interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprise. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. WINDAR.

Dublin, Feb. 19, 1731–2.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and neither read nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you, or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power; for I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as everybody knows, but likewise of every person, both in England and Ireland, who are well with the court, or can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has

been long in the church; so that he is still my curate; and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town, who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you or your son were in favour with any bishop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or solicited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except shewing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of myself out of old friendship: from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth is now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk; and believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 23, 1731–2.

I LIKE to know my power, (if it is so,) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answer does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that, you know, is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as, for example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet I turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find anything like it being true; but, instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And, pray, what is this "hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord-lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who has lied so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland? for there I hoped he would have given a better example.

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of anything so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope,† which I desire may be at my

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* The Duke of Dorset.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, while her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church, under

expense. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my Dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferris's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was "at the time of gooseberries." *

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we would not use her so in England. If my duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly: for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

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the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription:—

> "Underneath lieth the body of the Lady Penelope Berkeley. daughter of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Berkeley, She died September the 3d, 1669."—F.

* In the Petition of Frances Harris, to the lords-justices, upon losing her purse, printed in the Fourteenth Volume of this collection, there are these verses:—

"Yes," says the steward, "I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happened, just about the time of gooseberries."

This steward was Mr. Ferris; and Dame Wadgar was the old deaf housekeeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the lords-justices of Ireland.—H.

† The Duchess of Dorset.—H.

FROM SIR CHARLES WOGAN.*

February 27, 1732–3.

I HAVE the honour of a very obliging letter, from a person whose penetration I flattered myself I could have escaped; although I might assure him with great sincerity, that I never had a more earnest desire for any man's acquaintance and friendship than for his. Upon the late occasion, it is true, my design was to have travelled and been received *incognito*. I had taken my measures for it in the best manner I could devise. But all my art and travestie was vain. His Mentor was superior to my Uranius, who could not avoid being discovered, as in the story of Telemachus, and striking sail to a more exalted divinity. I own I am somewhat concerned at my being seen in my undress, through all the magnificence of those disguises I had put on.

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* This letter is an answer to one of the Dean's, dated in July and August preceding. See this Volume, p. 393. In the note subjoined is some account of Sir Charles Wogan, the ardent and enthusiastic character, by whom the following epistolary dissertation was composed. Bred a Jacobite and a Catholic, with all the prejudices of politics and religion, the understanding reader will readily forgive the strange licence with which he assails the character of Clarendon, whose principles of monarchy did not exclude his regard for social and religious liberty. The letter contains a melancholy picture of the distresses to which the relics of the Irish royalists were exposed during their services in foreign countries. Whatever our opinion may be of the cause for which the followers of James abandoned their country and fortunes, there can be but one sentiment concerning the courage and self-devotion with which they sacrificed their all to a sense of duty. The Chevalier Wogan's letter is well worth perusal, as a faithful record, not only of their principles, but of their prejudices, their sorrows, and their sufferings.

But Mentor has so much the air of a benign and friendly spirit, that my confusion was soon over: and methinks I could be exposed in the midst of all my defects, without any concern, provided it were only to those whom he judges worthy of his intimacy.

Nothing can be more distinguishing, in regard of an unhappy people, than his character of those abroad; nor more just than his remarks upon the genius and sufferings of those at home. But *jacta est alea*: the set of people he means, can no longer be looked upon as a nation, either in or out of their country. Those who have chosen a voluntary exile, to get rid of oppression, have given themselves up, with great gaiety of spirit, to the slaughter, in foreign and ungrateful service, to the number of above 120,000 men, within these forty years. The rest, who have been content to stay at home, are reduced to the wretched condition of the Spartan helots. They are under a double slavery. They serve their inhuman lordlings, who are the more severe upon them, because they dare not yet look upon the country as their own; while all together are under the supercilious dominion and jealousy of another overruling power.

To return to our exiles. Mentor certainly does them that justice which cannot be denied them by any of those nations among whom they have served; but it is seldom or ever allowed them by those who can write or speak English correctly. They have shewn a great deal of gallantry in the defence of foreign states and princes, with very little advantage to themselves, but that of being free; and without half the outward marks of distinction they deserved. These southern governments are very slow in advancing foreigners to considerable or gainful preferments. Their chief attention is reserved for

their own subjects, to make them some amends for the heavy yoke they have laid over them. The only fruit the Irish have reaped by their valour is their extinction; and that general fame, which they have lost themselves, to acquire for their country, already lost, with respect to them. They had the honour of Ireland at heart; while those who actually possessed their country, were little affected with any other glory than that of England; which they advanced with great bravery during all the late wars. They were content to forget they were Irishmen; and England, in return for that compliment, has graciously conferred upon them, as she still does, the first employments both at sea and land; whereby they have been enabled to leave very comfortable establishments to their children: whereas the Irish exiles can only be said to have buried the synagogue with honour. They were undoubtedly the flower of the Catholic distinction of subjects. They are extinct to a very inconsiderable number, and have not left one single settlement in all the continent to any of their posterity. They had always the post of honour allowed them, where it was mixed with danger; and lived in perpetual fire, which was all they could bequeath as an inheritance to their issue, who are extremely few, on account of the little encouragement given for begetting them. The very scum of French refugees have had much better treatment and fortune in those countries, where they were only a charge to the government, than the Irish nobility and gentry have met with, where their courage and fidelity were in a great measure its support. Had it not been much better for them to have gone in search of new establishments out of the known world, and made some settlement for themselves and their posterity in the antipodes?

As I was but a new comer among them, I have often blamed their men of chief distinction and sense, for having rejected the terms offered by the Prince of Orange to my uncle Tyrconnel, in favour of the Irish Catholics in general, before the decisive battle of Aghrim; which (by the by) till the sudden fall of their general, was fought with more bravery on their side, than any battle has been, perhaps, for some centuries past, by any people under equal disadvantages. The prince was touched with the fate of a gallant nation, that had made itself a victim to French promises, and ran headlong to its ruin for the only purpose, in fact, of advancing the French conquests in the Netherlands, under the favour of that hopeless diversion in Ireland, which gave work enough to 40,000 of the best troops of the grand alliance of Augsbourgh. He longed to find himself at the head of the confederate army with so strong a reinforcement. In this anxiety he offered the Irish Catholics the free exercise of their religion; half the churches of the kingdom; half the employments, civil and military too, if they pleased, and even the moiety of their ancient properties. These proposals, though they were to have had an English act of Parliament for their sanction, were refused with universal contempt. Yet the exiles, in the midst of their hard usage abroad, could not be brought to repent of their obstinacy. Whenever I pressed them upon the matter, their answer was generally to this purpose; "If England can break her public faith, in regard of the wretched articles of Limerick, by keeping up a perpetual terror and persecution over that parcel of miserable, unarmed peasantry, and dastard gentry we have left at home, without any other apology or pretence for it, but her wanton fears and jealousies: what could have been expected by the men of true vigour and spirit,

if they had remained in their country, but a cruel war, under greater disadvantages, or such a universal massacre as our fathers have often been threatened with by the confederate rebels of Great Britain?" —*Ad quod non fuit responsum.*—Yet their liberty and glory abroad is but the price of their blood; and, even at that expense, they have only purchased a more honourable *haseldama.**

It was impossible for a people to thrive, after having been driven by their too warrantable distrust of their enemies, into the snares laid for them by their false friends. France, upon their arrival, gave them a cruel reform† of their officers and of their pay for a welcome, by a scandalous breach of faith; sacrificed them to her wars; made their zeal and spirit the dupes of her idle pretences; and, at last, inhumanly disbanded great numbers of them to the wide world, after the peace of Ryswick. Had they been kept together in one body from the beginning, to the number of 30,000 men, according to the promise that tempted them partly to quit their country, they had made a much better figure in the world. Richelieu's politics were against it. He was a great master, particularly in the judgment he had formed of the valour of his countrymen; since he has left it on record, that bodies of foreign troops must be mixed with French, in order to give them emulation. Upon this account the Irish were parcelled by brigades among the many armies entertained by the French king. Although this repartition was very mortifying to them, they ever behaved in their several bands apart with particular distinction. They never found themselves in any engagement, where they did not pierce the opposite enemy. Not one regiment of them ever fled, till it was in a manner

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* Field of Blood. † Reduction.

left alone; and during all the late wars, in which their principals were generally worsted, they cannot be said to have lost two pair of colours. The French never gained a victory, to which those handfuls of Irish were not known to have contributed in a singular manner; nor lost a battle, in which they did not preserve, or rather augment their reputation, by carrying off colours and standards from the victorious enemy. From this we may conclude, without any great vanity, that they had been an impenetrable phalanx, if they had been allowed to continue in one body; and that, instead of acquiring glory by detail, they had gained complete victories, as one single brigade of them did at Mellazo, having driven the whole German army into the town or the sea, after they had been deserted by the Spanish troops and generals to a man. Yet their principal officers, who have signalized themselves equally upon all occasions, have been advanced to no higher preferment than that of lieutenant-general; whereas, Scots, Germans, Livonians, Italians have been promoted to the dignity of marêschals of France. But as the valour of the Irish is already taken for granted abroad, and their zeal turned into a sort of ridicule, on account of the unprecedented usage it has met with at home, it is modestly presumed all over the world, that they scarce need any reward for their virtue, but their virtue alone.

I have often been at a loss for the cause of this odd destiny, that attends the Irish Catholics in all foreign courts and countries. They are the first called upon for any service that requires fidelity and resolution; the last distinguished with any eminent marks of honour or advantage. Let them behave ever so well, if it be thought fit to give them any recompense, it is always inferior to what might be judged sufficient for men of any other country in

the like case. Whatever others might be entitled to grumble at as a reward, must be received by them as a gift. Whatever is taken from them either at home or abroad is lawful prize. Their zeal, in regard of loyalty and religion, has been so cruelly misrepresented, and their unparalleled sufferings so involved in shades, or clad with an air of justice that they are become a by-word in all countries alike; which are perfectly agreed to keep them low, after the example of their own princes, upon a presumption that they could not have been used so extremely ill, if they had not in some measure deserved it. A long and perpetual train of misfortunes has a strange tendency toward putting a people in the wrong; or, at best, making them the objects of ridicule. The Irish for having been steady to their principles, and not as cunning knaves as the two neighbouring nations, have groaned, during the two last centuries, under all the weight of injustice, calumny, and tyranny, of which there is no example, in equal circumstances, to be shewn in any history of the universe. All this calumny has been sounded into the ears of all Europe by their enemies, both foreign and domestic; and thereby gained credit, more or less, on account of not having been sufficiently controverted or refuted in time. Their constant misfortunes have given a sort of sanction to all this imposture and iniquity. They could not defend themselves, in the midst of so much division at home, from so many powerful and confederated enemies, who had alienated the hearts of their very sovereign from them, in order to make him the first, and them the last victims of the tragedy. In the meantime they were involved in too much war, or in too much misery, to be the relaters of their own story with any advantage; or found the English language as backward as the English nation

and government, to do them common justice. Their enemies have spared them the labour with a vengeance.

The mongrel historians of the birth of Ireland, from Stanihurst and Dr. King down to the most wretched scribbler, cannot afford them a good word in order to curry favour with England. Our callow bards of the drama, with the same view, draw their first pens against their country, and force their way into the world through their mother's womb. The English writers take the hints from them with pleasure; and delight in gratifying the flattest nonsense, and most silly artifices, upon teagueism, to divert that honest generation of numskulls, the mobs of England, from the Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, in regard of improprieties in the turn of a foreign speech or accent, *totus mundus egit histrionem;* but the genuine characters of a nation ought to be as sacred, even upon the stage, as in history. In the days of King Charles the Second, the Irish bravery and fidelity * had the applause of whole theatres; but now nothing but Irish stupidity, and wretched small craft, will go down even upon that of Dublin.

As all the honour the Protestant Irish have acquired by their pen on their swords, passes generally for English; so the English and their adherents in Ireland, have been in a long confederacy, before Clarendon appeared, to suppress or tarnish all the renown accruing to that unhappy country, from the worth and gallant actions of the Catholics. Their pens are ever dipped in bitterness and detraction; as if whatever could be reckoned valuable in that unfortunate people, were a lessening to

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* Alluding, probably, to the character of Teague, in Sir Robert Howard's popular play of the Committee.

the honour of the English nation, to which all their incense is addressed. However, though they have done horrible outrages to justice and veracity, by propagating lies, more or less, all over the world, they must be allowed to have acted with great sagacity, in favour of themselves. For if the Irish had not been represented with uncommon industry, and in full cry, as a barbarous and stupid people, breakers of public faith, cowards, murderers of the innocents, without any provocation, in every corner of their country; rebels to their lawful sovereigns, in whose defence they have ruined and annihilated themselves; all these attributes (except that of folly) had necessarily fallen to the share of England: and she must have been looked upon by the whole universe as the most lawless and inhuman tyrant upon the face of the earth. Yet all this villainy ought not, in strict justice, to be imputed to her. She had not gone all those lengths of cruelty and iniquity, if she had not been under the force of Cromwell, and the influence of a Clarendon.

In the meantime Ireland is left to traipse in her old draggle-tailed weeds, by her own children; bribed, by their attention and respect for England, to abandon her to all the dirt and barbarism laid at her door by her ancient and modern enemies; while other countries are brightening up in their story and character by the industry of their writers successively labouring to adorn them. The newest accounts given all over Europe, of the soil, genius, improvement, and customs of Ireland, may be dated 400 years ago. She is still reckoned as savage as she was under the oppression of the Danes, or after the first incursion of the English, who drove her, in spite of her voluntary submission, into wildness. For, after all, if I invite people civilly into my house, and they will not admit me to sit at my own fire, but

rather will grow insolent, and force my family to herd in the bare court among my cattle, which I cannot reckon my own, but upon the foot of their will and pleasure; I must either quit my dwelling altogether, or lay about me like a madman till I can repossess it.

On account of this perpetual silence about Ireland all Europe looks upon her as under a constant fog, the seat of dulness, and the dismal mansion of ignorance and distress. Scarce any people are taken for mere Irish, either in England or on the continent, but the vulgar of the country, and the few unfortunate exiles. The very distinction carries in the face of it a lessening, and strikes the fancy with the ungrateful idea of misery. Besides, the arms of whiggism are extremely long, and reach them to their remotest haunts. There are a thousand instances of this enchantment; and, notwithstanding the known ingratitude of France, some of the Irish had been marêschals of France before now: the whole voice of that nation was for them; but the fear of disobliging the present government of England, gave a check to their promotion. As for the new nobility and gentry of Ireland, they pass currently for English abroad; and Dublin, the fourth city of Christendom, is still taken for no more than the Eblana of Ptolemy.

Thus Ireland has not only lost all her ancient progeny of any distinction, and seen them buried under the ruins of calumny and distress, by the overbearing pride and power of those several swarms of inmates thrown in upon her, at several times, and supported by her masters of Great Britain; those very colonies are no sooner settled in that country, and warmed into affection for it, than they are taken for mere Irish too; and so must be driven off to make room for new ones. Yet all this is not enough. Ireland might still have some name in the world, if

she were allowed what belongs to her: But she is stripped into the bargain, of all the honour and merit that might redound to her, either from the actions or geniuses of her latter offspring. The very name of Irish carries so uncouth an idea along with it, especially in England, that all those who depend chiefly upon her for their fortune, or their fame, are shy, at their first setting out, of making an open confession of their country, and suffer themselves to pass for English; while England permits the cheat to pass upon the rest of the world, and naturalises them by a tacit consent; upon the modest presumption that wit and merit, such as theirs, can be only of her own growth. Thus England, without being at the pains of assuming it, is allowed a right to all those who have either written or fought in English with any distinction, as Scotland impudently whips away from Ireland all her old saints and her sophists, on account of having shared with her the same name of Scotia. The Ushers, Boyles, Congreves, Garths, Denhams, Swifts, Ormonds, Cadogans, Aylmers, &c., are all taken for English in foreign countries. MacFlecno, and all the wretched adepts in metaphysics, are counted Irish in course: We have but one Dunce of irrefragable fame, the father of Dunces by the thousands all over Europe; and the Scots have kidnapped him from us, by the consent or connivance of all modern dictionaries, notwithstanding the number of sheriffs and sheriffs' bailiffs of the same name upon the records of our ancient city of Dublin. In short, what can Ireland have left her, but her bogs and her stupidity, since England and Scotland have swept away the stakes? If we must give up all our great men of war and figure to England, let her even shew us the example, and resign to the Normans her Plantagenets, Talbots, and Nevills, conquerors of France.

However, we will not stick out in our controversy about these mighty men. They shall belong to England, since they have made her a present of their arms and allegiance. But, in the name of wonder, let us have our men of parts and letters. Let not the English wits, and particularly my friend Mr. Pope (whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's coffee-house,*) run down a country as the seat of dulness, to whose geniuses he owns himself so much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roscommon and Walsh, in the close of his excellent Essay on Criticism? How gratefully does he express his thanks to Dr. Swift, Sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Congreve, and my poor friend and neighbour Dr. Parnell, in the Preface to his admirable translation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and lessons they administered to him, both in the opening and the prosecution of that great undertaking? Is it possible that these heroes of wit and learning, whom he commemorates with so much applause, and of whom he glories in having been the pupil, could have been of the birth of Ireland? while England could only furnish him with titled pageants and names of quality, fitter to swell and encourage the subscription, than to polish or enrich the performance? But, granting they were Irishmen: that, it seems, is no manner of argument in favour of their country. Were not all those lights and lessons given by them to Mr. Pope, in the purer air of England? Was it not to that air alone they owed the

* I do not observe that the share that Sir Charles Wogan claims in introducing Pope to the polite world, has been noticed by any of the poet's biographers. Their being both Catholics might be the occasion of their intimacy.

refinement and elevation of their geniuses? Mr. Pope, though the best natured man living, to my knowledge, had laughed at them with great gaiety, had they pretended to forward any notices or instructions to him by letters written under their native fogs.

I remember to have been present at a scene, humorous enough, upon this very subject at Will's coffee-house. The sages there, in profound contemplation, were very gravely offering their several reasons, why wit could not be of the growth of Ireland. Some would have it owing to the bogginess of the soil, which must undoubtedly and imperceptibly convey too much humidity to the brain; others to the perpetual cloudiness of the sky, that must, of all necessity, cast a dull influence, infusing melancholy, sloth, and heaviness to the understanding; many to the want of sunshine, so sovereign in invigorating and giving cheerfulness and alacrity to the spirits. Among such a number of shining geniuses, who brightened up under the continual mist over London, it was hard to end the dispute about the cause, while all were agreed about the fact. At length the wag, Bob Dodwell (who had a little before forced a company of foot from Lord Peterborrow, as a sort of amends for a severe joke upon his country) rose up with a very demure countenance, as demanding audience of the very oaf-full assembly; which being granted——

"My lords and gentlemen," says he, "it is a very moot point to which of those causes we may ascribe the universal dulness of the Irish. It may be owing, perhaps, to some one; perhaps to the combination of all together: God only knows, who was pleased to order it so from the beginning. But that the case is, as you agree it in your great wisdom, I shall offer a familiar and unanswerable proof. My father

had studied with great applause in Oxford; (for had he studied in Dublin, where he was born, he had made but a very slender progress in learning, as you shall find by the sequel;) in short, he was allowed, in that famous university, to be both an excellent divine, and a most eloquent preacher. From thence he removed to Dublin: where on account of the reputation he had justly acquired abroad, he was instantly preferred to the parish of St. Mican's. Great was the concourse to hear him; but much greater the surprise to find how little his sermons answered the character the world had given him. This could not miss being whispered to him: he made several efforts, in vain, to regain his credit; his sermons were still worse and worse liked: at length his church was almost forsaken, and he left to hold forth to very few but the old women.

"The man was at his wit's end to find the cause of this unaccountable change in him: at last he wisely judged it must be owing to the climate in which he writ; and to make proof of it, set out one Monday morning in the packet-boat for Holyhead; there composed his sermon for next Sunday; and returning to Dublin on the eve, after having begged of some friends, out of mere charity, to assist at it, preached divinely well, to the utter astonishment of his auditory, charmed at the excellency of his performance. This miracle rang immediately over the whole city; and he, making use of the same happy stratagem every week, of composing at Holyhead what he was to deliver from the pulpit in Dublin, the doctor's name was up: all Dublin thronged to hear him; and persons of the best distinction resorted thither from all parts of the kingdom to see this second Livy.

"However, as the devil owed the doctor a spite, it chanced unfortunately for him, that he was obliged,

for some slight indispositions, to take physic two or three several times on the very days the packet-boat set out; and being thereby under the unhappy necessity of penning his sermons for the week in Dublin, his auditory were astonished, on those occasions, to find them good for nothing. By these ups and downs of the doctor the mystery at length came out; and whenever the packet boat sailed for Holyhead, the common question, over the whole city, was, whether the doctor had gone on board? If the answer was in the affirmative, there was an universal joy throughout; all were sure of being charmed the next Sunday. If in the negative, the poor doctor was left, on that day, to preach to the bare walls."

While Bob held forth in this manner, with a very grave phiz, that carried a wicked undersneer, very natural to him, the scene (I must own) was admirable, in regard of the auditory; and could give a bystander room to form a certain judgment of the weight of brains that came to the share of every one of them. Upon the opening of the discourse, all ears were alert: it was a solemn silence and profound attention: for when that Demogorgon, Ireland, is to be run down, it is wonderful how almost every English heart bounds for joy. Before Bob had brought his father back from Holyhead the first time, some had sense enough to see the ridicule levelled at themselves, and sneaked off. Others were so numskulled as to wait for the sermon composed in Anglesey, and delivered with applause at St. Mican's, whereat a sudden light broke in upon their noddles; they could stand the joke no longer, and slunk away too. But when it came to the unhappy consequences of the doctor's taking physic, the whole shoal of virtuosoes were sensible to the stroke, and voided the room at once, except one blue, one green ribbon, and a lieutenant-general of the queen's army, that

had courage and insipidity enough to hear the poor doctor preach to the bare walls. Then the cloud that had hung so long and so obstinately over their intellectuals disappeared. However, they were too stout to quit the field, as their betters had done, and so contented themselves with casting sheep's eyes and silly leers at each other, while Bob and I enjoyed their stupidity.

This received notion of dulness in the Irish, has not taken its rise from the mob, though they gladly join in the cry. The English populace, the bluntest and most unenlightened race of people in Europe, are incapable of making so nice a discovery. They can readily imagine that the Irish have horns and hoofs : and it has been found easy, and of excellent use in politics, not very long ago, to persuade them that every Irishman was somewhat more than of Venner's gang ;* since, instead of only chasing, he was to have slain his thousands. What affects the English mob, with regard to Irishmen, is terror. Our English ancestors dispatched into Ireland, and their descendants, have taken effectual care to fasten this bugbear upon their mother country, and represent the Irish as monsters and cannibals, in order to justify their own more barbarous oppressions upon that people. These dreadful ideas have left so strong an impression, that even at this day, when the nations are more mixed than they have been formerly, an Irishman is looked upon by the vulgar in England, remote from great towns, as a rawhead and bloody-bones! It is therefore that the rumour spread of an Irish massacre had been found, of all

* The head of a desperate insurrection of Anabaptists, and fifth monarchy men, in the second year after the Restoration, whom he encouraged to battle by the perversion of texts of Scripture.

stratagems, the most effectual towards promoting any change of government in England, by the extreme facility of raising a fright in the good people there, whenever the Trojan horse is supposed to be filled with Irishmen. This may suffice to excuse that honest generation of mortals (for whom I have a great regard, as I have a real concern for all men that are easily thrown into a panic fear) from having had any hand in introducing the opinion of Irish dulness. That grand arcanum could be discovered only by the sublimer geniuses of England.

However, this opinion, foolishly attributed to the climate, has some truth in it, with regard to those remnants of old nobility and gentry, who have been stripped, by the iniquity of Cromwell, and the greater one of Clarendon, of all they had a title to, except the blood and spirit of their ancestors. These are a severe and a very inconvenient burden to them at home, where they are obliged to keep them under hatches in the neighbourhood of barracks, and of more tyrannical justices of peace. There are in Ireland a thousand well-born Brutuses of this kind, whose souls are stupified by the perpetual dread of persecution, and dare not peep out of their bodies, lest they should fall under the lash of the penal laws. But snatch these potato-mongers from their immediate slavery, or from the ploughshares to which their fathers have been reduced, into an air of liberty and politeness; transplant them but for one month into the hotbeds of London, how sudden is the change! how surprising the improvement! The booby instantly commences beau, bully, sharper, and cuckold-maker, with a vengeance! he is *passe, presto, vite*, Jack of all trades; all fire, all mercury, in the turn of a hand! With what dexterity does he empty the pockets of that notable son of earth, the English squire, at seven or eleven! What a sturdy back is

he to a bashful English peer! What an awe does his modest assurance create in all the assemblies of men! How do the London ladies fall into fits at his approach, alarmed at the sight of his broad shoulders, and engaging, though somewhat rough, addresses! But, to conclude this wonderful metamorphose of mere animals into smart and dexterous fellows, by the change of air, though it may go against one's stricter morals to justify their industry; it is hard to blame them for taking what reprisals they can upon the public in England, by way of revenge, or at least some amends for the irreparable wrongs and losses at home.

In the meantime, it is impossible for an upright and good-natured spirit, not to look with concern upon the inhuman slavery of the poor in Ireland. Since they have neither liberty nor schools allowed them; since their clergy, generally speaking, can have no learning but what they scramble for, through the extremities of cold and hunger, in the dirt and egotism of foreign universities; since all together are under the perpetual dread of persecution, and have no security for the enjoyment of their lives or their religion, against the annual thunders of the English vatican, but the present moment: how can it be expected they should keep clear of superstition, which is so elegantly and so truly called by a modern author, the spleen of the soul? But that of my spirit is up, and I must out with it, after having asked pardon of my friend Mr. Pope, for having animadverted upon his jokes in the Dunciad, with regard to Ireland. Those railleries are so agreeable to the humour of the world in general, that like favourite vices, they carry their excuse along with them.

> "Heu, patria! infidis nimium vicina Britannis;
> Olim altrix divûm; soboli jam sæpe noverca
> Dura tuæ, inque dies aliis data præda colonis.

Te, dum spernit, arat novus accola: mox ubi cultam
Diligit, illiciti pœnas luit exul amoris;
Aut sua colla jugo, demissis auribus, ultro
Aptat, inops animi, et jam non sua seminat arva.
Sic, uno excusso, te comprimit alter adulter
Nequior, et scortum infelix post improba calcat
Oscula; seu Scotus ille rapax, seu Saxo superbus.
Quis Deus hisce favet stupris? tua deperit usque
Stirps antiqua; novis solum licet esse beatis:
Inque vicem sese tam dira examina pellunt
Certatim: tibi rara quies; tibi perfidus idem
Hostis et hospes inest. Qui dividit, imperat Anglus,
Immeritam in terris matrem te scilicet unam
Temnere fas, et amare nefas. Quis strenuus ausit
Consuluisse tibi, et non immemor esse parentis,
Semper in exitium præceps ruit? Imminet Anglus,
Iratisque frui divis jubet; utque tumescit
Bile jecur, crudelis et implacabilis instat.
Religio dat opem sceleri; nec deficit atrox
Inter, quos invita paris, discordia fratres.
Tantis victa malis servit fortuna Medusæ
Angliæ; at horrificos angues quatit ista quotannis,
Ut libet esse truci; seu rumpere fœdera malit,
Seu fera bella ciet civilia; spargere pestes
Vafra, dies condit lætos; tibi turpis egestas,
Et metus, et dolus, et malesuada peritia legum
Invigilant: at nec melior, neque fortior illa,
Ni divisa ruas: ni tu tibi sævior hostis.
Nec satis est in vota tuæ jurâsse tyrannæ,
Et coluisse novos renuenti poplite ritus,
Improba si miseram non rideat, atque catenis
Crimina ficta tuis et dedecus insuper addat
Historiis fallax mordacibus: inde per orbem
Justis victa diis, simul immiserabilis audis.
Dùm despecta jaces, Angli pueri atque puellæ
Illudent, impunè rudem stolidamque notantes,
Et magis insulsi, jocus es et fabula vulgi.
Undique te lacerant spinæ; rapit Anglia flores
Usque tuos: . . . . . .
. . . . . Frustrà tibi lucet Apollo
Gratus, et æterno faverunt carmine Musæ:
Frustrà animos virtute tuos Mars impiger auxit:
Cedit in Angligenas decus et laus transfuga fures.
Nimirum quodcunque tui fecere nepotes
Fortiter, aut sacris moniti scripsere camœnis,
Desinit esse tuum! nec gens inimica cachinnis

Parcit, dum tibi raptat opes; tua splendida mendax
Induit, et falsis ovat insignita trophæis.
Proh scelus! Harpyæ manibus dum plaudit utrisque,
Te nudam atque inopem, totus te sibilat orbis!
Nempe nec è gnatis aderit, qui vindicet, ultor,
Exuvias? si nemo domi, nisi proditor, ausim
Ferre, parens, licet exul, opem. Sanxisse nefandam,
Aut siluisse nefas fraudem. Manet unicus heros.
Ictus amore tui miseræ (cognomen Achillei
Is, ποδας ωκυς, habet) nec tantis hostibus impar,
Sortis et invidiæ pergit tela aspera contra,
Et quatit indomitam, mediis in millibus, hastam.
Immemor ipse sui, spretæ memor usque parentis,
Hic tibi fidus adest—Hoc uno excepto, alienos
Quisque domi patitur manes; estque omnis, Hibernus
Speve, metuve Anglus."

The remains of the Irish (*Reliquiæ Danaûm atque immitis Achillei*) labour under another very great inconvenience. They are far from partaking of the indulgence, or rather privilege allowed to all other people, by an exemption from any general charge on account of personal defects or villainies. If one Irishman of any distinction be found a blockhead, a knave, a traitor, or coward, there arises a certain mirth upon the discovery, among strangers of all kinds, especially the English; as if they were glad to light upon an example in that nation, of what is a pretty general rule in most countries, at this time of day. But where they dare joke upon it, the single blot is imputed, with great gaiety, to that whole people. Thus all Ireland is made answerable for the faults of every one of her children; and every one of these bears the whole weight of his country upon his shoulders. This is the greatest of all compliments, if taken in a right light. It presupposes a certain infallibility annexed to the Irish alone, which makes the world enjoy any exception from it with so much pleasure. In this uncouth attitude the Irishman must, in his own defence, and

that of his whole country, be braver, and more nice in regard of his reputation, than it is necessary for any other man to be. All that he gets generally for his pains, is the character of having behaved as might be expected from an Irishman: yet if there be any crime or mistake in his conduct, not only he, but his whole country, is sure to pay for it. This, in strictness, regards only the Irishmen abroad; those at home may be Englishmen, and join in the banter, when they please.

All this is owing to the calumny dispersed, time out of mind, by the tongues and pens of the two neighbouring nations, in order to justify their own barbarous proceedings in regard of that unhappy people. But, not to misspend our time upon those wretched historians and geographers, who have continued so long to mislead the world in that respect, there has appeared, of late, a writer of importance, the malignity of whose aspersions upon the Irish, has spread itself, with an air, both at home and abroad. This is the famous Lord Clarendon, whose long legend is translated into French. He was the man generally employed by King Charles the First, in that ruinous paper war he unfortunately waged with his parliamentarians, who never entered into negotiation with him, but with a view of imposing upon the people, and procuring a respite for themselves, when they were inferior in the field. In this fatal medley of war and peace, both out of their proper season, the king was undone, as well as the church and monarchy, by the mixture of fear and corruption that reigned in Clarendon, and his fellows of the privy council.* They engaged him to strip himself of his rights in favour of his rebels: and then

* The unamiable picture of the Irish, as drawn by the noble historian of the civil wars, had, however, its source in the atrocities committed during the massacre of the Protestants.

took effectual care to alienate his mind from the most loyal subjects, especially the Irish, whom they represented as a parcel of inhuman, intractable, and senseless brutes, in order to deter him from accepting all they were worth in men and money, to support his sinking cause. These notable counsellors, after having done all the vile work inspired to them by their cowardice, or their hollow intrigues with parliament, fled generally to it, and became its dupes at last. The king, robbed by their infusions of the assistance of his most gallant and loyal friends, both in England and Ireland, found himself obliged to fly to the Scots, who soon delivered him up to his mortal enemies.

Clarendon followed the fate of the royal son, and would not suffer him to transport himself into Ireland, at the instance of that English hero, Lord Digby, in order to vindicate his own cause, and that of his father, while he was yet alive. By his removal into France, that was then, and a long time before, in a tacit confederacy with the parliament, the father lost his life upon the scaffold: the loyalists, and especially the Irish, were devoted to destruction soon after, for having been willing to support the king, in spite of his council. They lost their lives, and all their lands at home, under the violence of a triumphant rebellion, when they had no prince to countenance or unite them. Numbers followed the royal exile; changed sides with him, as he was obliged to change protection with the contending powers of France and Spain; served him faithfully and assisted him in his distress. But the Clarendons of the council had contrived matters so well, that the father king could not maintain his rights because they would not let him trust his friends; nor the son ever be restored, but by the declared enemies and assassins of his father.

At the Restoration, that ought to have settled the fundamentals both of church and state, upon a basis no more to be shaken by popular commotions, the joy was so universal throughout, upon the meeting of the king and his people, that they unhappily passed their time in capping of courtesy and compliments with each other. The king would exact nothing from them with an air of resolution, out of pure modesty and grateful deference to his restorers. Though he was very hard put to it for the maintaining of his own family, and in no manner of condition to reward his fellow-sufferers, he was advised, forsooth, only to recommend to his people, with great humility, what he should have demanded with authority for the redress of his and their former wrongs, and the farther security both of the temporal and spiritual establishment. The people, on the other hand, were grown so weary of their past servitude, and so charmed to see their lawful prince among them, that they waited only for his commands to shew their prompt obedience, and looked upon all his slight overtures, as things he had very little at heart.

In this giddy interval, the occasion of securing the rights both of church and state was lost: * and the prime minister Clarendon, who was taken for the king's second self, profited by the mutual ecstasy of king and people, to advance the ends of his own avarice and ambition. While the prince, after so tedious an exile, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his present happiness, the subjects squared all the regulations of government, and the measures of justice, by the standard of Clarendon, whom they reckoned the faithful echo of their master's inten-

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* The Chevalier Wogan would probably have had these rights settled for ever on the broad basis of arbitrary monarchy.

tions. The plans of ecclesiastical and civil establishments were equally committed to his care; and he has left such a gangrene in both, as has since reached their very vitals. The church, it is true, was restored to her livings; but her pales were so ill fenced, that an inundation of all those sectaries, who had so lately borne her down to the ground, has forced its way into her very sanctuary; and while they graciously suffer her name to subsist, appropriate to themselves all her riches and authority. Clarendon, in that happy conjuncture, might have gone the lengths of Laud and Strafford with success. But their undaunted zeal never could inhabit such a heart as his. They had rendered her one of the most firm and amiable societies in the universe, free from tyranny, inaccessible to heresy: whereas, in her present state, she is become the helpless victim of Clarendon's politics, and neither durst stand by her principles nor assert her doctrine, while all her hierarchy is in heterodox hands. Whatever the appearances may be, she has, in fact, changed places with her adversary. Presbytery is become episcopal; and she is reduced, in regard of her authority and livings, to be only presbyterian: in short, she has taken a huge dose of laudanum; and is in no danger, though she have no pulse, because she has been forced to sleep extremely sound.

All this has befallen the church, as a necessary consequence of Clarendon's horrible prevarications and injustices with respect to the state. In all national churches, loyalty and religion are linked in a very close union, and tend naturally to the support of each other.* Where the one is wounded in any

* There is only one interpretation can be put upon this language, and it is, that Clarendon, though a church of England man, and a loyalist, was averse to intolerance in the church, and

essential part, the evil is taking, and the other suffers of course. Clarendon opened the administration of King Charles the Second, with the most unexampled and impolitic scene, in regard of monarchy, that ever appeared in the world. The church and monarchy had just been rescued from the claws of a horrid rebellion. Those loyalists, whom neither the corruption of the former privy-council, nor the terrors of the parliament, had withdrawn from their zeal for the royal cause, had been long groaning under cruel oppression or miserable exile. They had now reason to flatter themselves not only with the repossession of their lands, but the reward of their sufferings and services. But though thousands of loyal families had been undone by the rebellion, Clarendon, by imposing on his master's indolence and facility, ordered matters so, that he was the only considerable gainer by the Restoration, and made his fortune by perpetuating the distress and unaccountable hard fate of the cavaliers, after the return of their prince. Those men of quality alone, who had the king's immediate favour, or cunning enough to deal with the chancellor in his own way, were reinstated in their lands. The rest, and the far greater number, were left to the wide world, or the permission of sharping by a lottery, which unworthy resource was soon taken from them. The rebels and their issue, the spawn of fanaticism and rebellion, were continued in their ill-gotten possessions; and consequently, as they had art enough to dissemble their old religion and principles, were gaily admitted into the best preferments both in church and state, and lent a helping

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despotism in the government of the state. The habits of thinking acquired by Sir Charles Wogan, during long service in foreign countries, form the only apology, if it be one, for a man of bravery, principle, and education, uttering such sentiments.

hand to all their brethren in iniquity, under the same mask. The abandoned cavaliers, and their disinherited offspring, must even make the best of a bad world; and since they were undone by loyalty, endeavour to repair their broken fortunes by faction, and lie in wait for an opportunity to be revenged of the royal family. This could not be long missing in a government, the majority of whose supporters were divided against it by their rotten and anti-monarchical principles; and therefore it is observable, that the most strenuous opposers of the royal cause since the Restoration, were, and still are, the descendants of those families that had behaved with the staunchest loyalty in the days of King Charles the First.

Thus the proceedings of Clarendon, upon the Restoration, only laid in seed for a large crop of rebellion. How could the church and monarchy thrive, by fostering their covert foes in their very bosom, and obliging their only friends to become their inveterate enemies? No loyalty in the universe but the Irish alone, could be proof against such usage. No church in Christendom, not even the Catholic, could stand firm and united, if sectaries of all the present denominations were admitted, upon the merit of one ceremony, or rather chosen to make up her hierarchy. And thus Clarendon, by his unjust and interested politics, has been the real father of whiggism, the second edition corrected and amended of the Roundheads, that has found the way to make an indisputable property of Ireland, and to turn the natural frame of the church and state of England *hors de page*, by the address of stepping into their places.

This may seem hard upon the memory of that gentleman: but, after the most impartial reflection, it will be found undoubted truth. The gallant Lord

Digby opened the charge against him in parliament, the third year of his mal-administration, to no purpose. His ascendant was still too prevalent over the king and the English nation. Most of the rebellious members, who owed their all to him, were yet alive; and the universities had not yet had time to form the youth to the ancient principles of honour and integrity. At length the veil was drawn off, and the eyes of the whole nation opened upon the iniquity of Clarendon, during the most loyal and wise session of parliament that perhaps ever was seen in England. But it was too late. Foundations could not be removed then, without threatening the whole building once again. The only redress that could be found for such a heap of crying injustices, that are, and ever must be, in force, was the head of Clarendon, that contrived and established them—an admirable state-mender, who had found no other expedient for the support of the monarchy, but that of putting loyalty to death!

He fled his country and his master after he had done them all the mischief he could, because he durst not stand his trial. He vanished, and left a horrible stench behind him to this day. The few friends he had, upon his impeachment, could find no defence for him against the vile treachery of having kept correspondence with his master's enemies during his exile, and made a visit, incognito, to Cromwell, upon his return from his embassy in Spain.* He had no pretence to secure him from the vengeance due to his former crimes, but that ample act of oblivion he had penned himself upon the Restoration, and had made so vastly comprehensive, in order to find room in it for his own iniquity.

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* This is a mere legend.

But that *mare magnum* could not save him from the prodigious charge of having sold, not settled, the whole kingdom of Ireland afterward. His flight alone could rescue him from the wrath of the whole English nation against him, for his having doomed so many thousands of innocent, or rather of meriting people, to the utmost extremities of shame, cold, and hunger, to serve the purposes of his own corruption, and to make rebellion as lasting as the world.

Not all the mutual cruelty of the civil war, not the massacre acted in Ireland, first under the connivance of the roundhead justices at Clontarf, Ballock, &c.; next by the Scots in the island of Maggee, near Carrickfergus, and then by Sir Phelim O'Neil's brutal revenge in a part of the North, which was retaliated more than tenfold by Coote, Ireton, and Cromwell, over that whole kingdom, can equal the list of those loyal Irish families which have been rased out of the world in miserable infamy by the pen of Clarendon! The rump parliament, and all its emissaries were but transient plagues, that rioted for a while over the church, the state, and the royal family of England. The hand of God soon overtook them. They died, and all their iniquities and abominations had died with them, had not the church, the state, and the royal family, found their bane perpetuated to immortality, by the single corruption of Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer and the lord high-chancellor of England.

During his voluntary exile, Clarendon, to justify himself, and his amphibious companions of the former privy-council, digested at Rouen that long and eloquent satire, he had composed, for the most part, in the isle of Jersey, upon the king's father and all his friends, but especially the Irish; because they never can forgive who do the wrong.

He has taken a vast deal of pains to blanch rebellion in all its promoters, and cast invidious colours upon the most eminent loyalists. He can scarce find a man of thorough worth and sense in the royal party in England, except Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the Lord Falkland. No Irishman has the honour of his approbation, but Daniel O'Neil * and Colonel Wogan.† However, though he allows the former more sense than came to the share of all his countrymen together, he vitiates that sense with a mixture of too much cunning, whereby he mounted to the sublime post of groom of the bedchamber, which, in his opinion, ought to be inaccessible to an Irishman. As for Colonel Wogan, he is so much in love with him, that he sinks the mention of his country; and though he executed his purpose with wonderful courage and dexterity, he looks upon him as a little out of his senses, because he was extremely loyal and brave. He omits, however, giving him the honour of having saved the king's life at the battle, or rather flight, of Worcester, by the desperate stand he made at the head of 300 horse against Cromwell's whole army, in the suburbs of that town, till the king and Colonel Careless were out of sight. How could the father king be maintained on his throne, or the son be restored to it by his friends, since, in the language of their dastard or corrupt counsellors, all that was brave, was mad;

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* An intriguing but very able courtier, often mentioned in Clarendon's history. He was groom of the chamber to Charles II.

† A gallant cavalier, who undertook the desperate task of marching through England with a party of royalist cavalry, and joining Middleton and Glencairn, then in arms in the Highlands of Scotland. He made good his romantic undertaking, though all England had then submitted to the parliament. He died of a slight wound received in a skirmish, but which gangrened for want of surgical assistance.

and all that was thoroughly loyal and firm, savoured of Popery: But as an instance of the unfair dealing of the English historians, the glory of the escape at Worcester has always been ascribed to their countryman Careless; as if it were more honourable to fly with the king, than to stop those that are in full chase after him. The rest of the Irish, according to Clarendon, were a horrid compound of stupidity and barbarism, except the Marquisses of Ormond and Clanricard; who were still more cunning than Daniel O'Neil, and not half so mad as Wogan. Yet if the privy-council of King Charles the First had been as wise, or as honest as the supreme council of Kilkenny,* he had never been engaged to divest himself of his own will and prerogative, till he was forced to maintain his cause with the wretched remains: he had never been sold by one people, or beheaded by another, who had nothing but treason in their hearts and cant in their religion.

But, on the other hand, Clarendon so kindly recommends the persons, and mixes such shining colours in the talents and characters, of the most notorious traitors, that one can hardly find in his heart to detest them for their villainies. The virtues of the bravest cavaliers are tarnished; and the vices of the blackest republicans brightened up in his hands. Milton engages our fancies, perhaps, too far in favour of the devils, by the lively and beautiful images he often mixes with their characters: but if he had dealt with the angels, as Clarendon has with the cavaliers, the devils had undoubtedly been the heroes of his poem.—In short, he has left a legend to all posterity, the best lesson that has ever yet been given to wicked subjects, and the

* Elected for management of the Catholic Insurrection.

most encouraging, to dethrone or destroy their kings.

If justice had been done to that voluminous treatise, it should have had the same fate with the petition he left behind him in London, addressed to the house of lords, by way of justification, which was unanimously voted by both houses, a malicious and scandalous paper, and a reproach to the justice of the nation.

But that posthumous work came out in excellent season for him. The church was wonderfully perverted for him, which made her overlook the mortal wound he has given her through the side of the state. The state was possessed by his grandchild. The witnesses against his falsehoods and calumnies were no more in being. That England, which had him in the greatest detestation in 1667, and for many years after, subsisted no longer. The lists, both ecclesiastical and civil, were thronged either with the unwary admirers of his style, or with those that owed their fortunes to his motley establishments. His perpetual running down of the Irish, was no small help toward gaining him a general benevolence among the English and Scots, whose rank treasons he had taken so much pains to soften, or to spare. His books had frontlets of Scripture to recommend and sanctify all their venom. This is but the second part of the Spanish hypocrisy in America, while they murdered whole nations in cold blood, with their beads in their hands.

How could any better dealings be expected from a man who had resolved to make his fortune at any rate, nay at the expense of his trust, honour, and loyalty, when abroad; as most of his companions in the former privy-council had done before him, to keep their estates at home? He had none to lose

that could be as beneficial to him as his attendance on his exiled master. However, in order to bid fair for one, it is notorious, that in the year 1657, when he found his master's affairs desperate, he made his peace and terms with Cromwell, by the mediation of Mr. Secretary Thurloe, whom he was afraid, on account of that confidence, not to protect after the Restoration; and then, since he could not sell his master during his exile, he made himself more than amends after his return. He first sold one of his kingdoms, with all its loyal subjects (who had ruined themselves by their endeavours to serve and assist him, both in and out of their country) to his known enemies: he then, by his base and faithless moderation, sold the church and state of England to their false friends: and, lastly, did worse, by the rotten foundations he laid, than Cromwell and all his accomplices could ever have compassed, since he sold the royal family of England to distress and exile for all eternity.

As I am under voluntary articles neither to conceal nor disguise any of my thoughts from Mentor, my spirit has been tempted to wander into this long dissertation, in order to give itself some ease, while it had the satisfaction of opening itself entirely to him. I am willing to flatter myself it has some sympathy with his, which I should be extremely sorry to shock, or even disoblige, by this frank confession of my sentiments. If I have incurred his displeasure, by any freedom of speech that may be offensive, or any notions that may be repugnant to his, I submit to his censure, and am willing to stand corrected. I do not pretend either to instruct his better genius, or to force my thoughts upon him. I am a fond admirer of that worth and generosity which has put a stop to his rising in the world. I have no personal enmity to any man living, nor any

interest in view, that can interfere in the least with Mentor's.*

It is true, I reckon Clarendon a more pernicious subject, and a worse man, than the brave and wicked Cromwell. I take him to be the author of most irreparable mischiefs to the church, the state, and more especially to the people of England, whom his design to maintain in a perpetual superiority over their prince, has devoted to perpetual slavery. He, for his own ends, (as he fairly declared to the Earl of Southampton,) as well as in compliment to them, hindered the first parliament after the Restoration to settle a constant and indefeasible revenue upon the crown; whereby it had been screened from factions, and the government from revolution, which must necessarily happen where the prince must depend on the people for his yearly subsistence, and the maintenance of his own state and family. This was by no means the circumstances of the kings of England, till James the First had squandered away all the royal demesnes upon his hungry and insatiable countrymen; and so made his son a sacrifice, by forcing him to become a bull-beggar.

All the constitutions of our western world began by limited monarchies, after the fall of the Roman empire, as most adapted to the spirit and genius of our Gothic ancestors. These limitations regarded the measures of peace, the means of war, and the regular administration of justice, but not the daily bread of the sovereigns, who had lands and immediate vassalages of their own, for the support of their estate and dignity. Our Norman monarchs were the only arbitrary ones in Europe, except those

* It cannot be supposed that Dean Swift would condescend to justify Clarendon against such a prejudiced accuser. But we are well aware that he held the noble historian's work in the highest estimation.

of Castile, who were complimented with absolute sway by the people, to enable them, without any delay or consultation, to issue their orders, and repress the sudden invasions of the Moors, whose neighbourhood was a perpetual alarm.

However, as the common people of England were generally villains or slaves to their lords, these lords became, by the importance of their vassalages, an hereditary council of state, upon extraordinary occasions, when it was thought convenient to gain their assistance, by the compliment of asking their advice, or their concurrence in taxing their vassals for the public good. The weak princes of the Plantagenet family (which has produced the greatest in Europe) were strangely given over to favourites and minions; as weak princes generally are, because they have not their glory and power so much at heart as their private satisfaction. The barons, as counsellors by their birth and fortune, were so disgusted at this humour, and at subsidies and other vexations that had their rise in the king's closet, and not in his council, that they made frequent confederacies of rebellion, on pretence of grievances; and as they were supported by the people, obtained great concessions in their favour from the crown. The kings found no way of supporting themselves against the barons, but by disengaging the people from them. This they effected by admitting them, who had no manner of pretence to it before, to appear by their representatives in the great council of the nation, which obtained the name of Parliament, whenever they had any occasion for subsidies against the barons, or the foreign enemies of the state. The people, in return of their liberalities, obtained frequent enlargements of their privileges. But the Plantagenets and Tudors had still an ample share of their absolute dominion left, and were greatly superior both to the

people and the barons. They had it always in their power to divide and rule, because they had wherewithal, by their own demesnes, to maintain their state independent of them, except, where the right of the crown was in dispute. They called parliaments when they listed, and dissolved them as freely; or browbeat them, when they had spirit, into what they pleased. Whether it regarded peace or war, church or state, their will, in effect, was a law; and they had no need either of tricks or double dealings, or of upstart prime-ministers. These they made use of to execute their orders, not to gain their points.

But, after King James the First had lavished the ample demesnes left him by Queen Elizabeth, the case was quite altered. His successor could neither maintain his authority over the people, nor in his own house, for want of means to support his dignity. He was reduced to a wretched dependency on his vassals, who never fail of becoming insolent where they know they are masters. As fast as he called them together, they began with complaints, though they never had less cause for them. He wanted subsidies, in fact, for the maintenance of his household, but made use of other pretences, after the example of his ancestors, who were under no such extremities at home. They immediately called for the previous redress of supposed grievances, and so he dissolved, and redissolved them, which was almost the only branch of power he had left him. Under these hardships he could hold out no longer; and, without debasing his majesty, could find no other resource for subsisting in independency, but that of reviving some rights and claims of his despotic ancestors, which were grown into disuse, because they had no need of them. All this came very short of his necessary expenses, and increased

the ill humour of the people; who were growing extremely rich and luxuriant, on account of giving him nothing but extorted trifles. At length his wants obliged him to lay himself at the mercy of a saucy and inexorable House of Commons, upon which he, his ministers, and his barons split at last. Surely no prince ever found himself in so forlorn and deplorable a situation as his, from the first sitting of that parliament upon his majesty, till the last sitting upon his life.

He had been long borrowing from all the world, upon the credit of dead authority, in order to give bread to a household he could not pay. All his servants, from the secretaries of state down to the scullions of his kitchen, were in an interest contrary to that of his dignity, and could never hope either for their arrears or their current wages, but by his being well with a parliament that never intended to be well with him. His honour was concerned in supporting his rights; his necessity and conscience in making away with them by degrees, in hopes that his parliament might at length be engaged, by his condescensions, to allow him wherewithal to pay his debts and defray his daily expenses. All those that served him, either in his council, or his house, or his parliament, had a personal interest in making him take this party, except those very few that were sacrificed for voting generously, and at their own cost, on the side of his honour. All the rest were bribed against his royal dignity, by their wants and their fears; and not only left him to be worried unmercifully by two nations, under the insolent pretensions of loyalty and religion; but obliged him to waste part of his force, and all his indignation against a third, the only one that had real loyalty and religion enough to restore him.

The mettle and superior genius of Cromwell sub-

dued faction and rebellion, by the very power they had put into their hands against the lawful sovereign. He supported his state and terrified all Europe, as well as the three nations, by the grandeur of his courage, and the spirit of his army; which he made, in effect, his parliament. They paid themselves, and laughed at the constitution. Upon the return of King Charles the Second, the English nation, grown wise by a very dear-bought experience, had resolved, at their first meeting in Parliament, to set the royal family in its ancient state of independency upon the people, except upon extraordinary occasions, by settling a perpetual revenue on the crown, and thereby securing it from the unavoidable danger and insolence of faction. Clarendon, as perfidious to his country as to his sovereign, has hindered this excellent purpose from taking effect, by his vile and interested infusions, and made himself a merit with the English nation, of what has left it a prey ever since to unavoidable discontents and convulsions. By this means, and the abrogation of the ancient tenures, the crown was abandoned to a more wretched necessity of begging annually, and condescending than before; and robbed of its old influence and authority over the people. Thus the kings of England were left in a worse state than the ancient kings of Sparta. Their cellars, their kitchens, and the wages of their footmen and grooms, depended upon the good graces of the house of commons: their inherent rights of making war and peace and alliance, or issuing *quo warranto's*, &c., were but mere feathers, the sport of every wind that blew from the ephori of the people.

In this manner King Charles the Second, though the idol of England, was forced, by the malign ascendant of Clarendon, to become her wretched pensioner. King only (and a very limited king) of

Scotland, and tyrant of Ireland, to no manner of purpose for himself, but to the exceeding joy of his own and his father's enemies; he led a life of continual struggle and uneasiness, from which he had no relief, but in turning rake, and drowning his royal spleen in all the common pleasures he could afford himself. To ward against those factions that arose naturally out of the triumph of the good old cause, and aimed at nothing less than his life and dignity, he found himself obliged to become a Captain Tom too, to mix his majesty with the mob, and turn cabalist and factioneer, as well, and as knavishly, as the best of them. He must call parliaments as oft as his wants called upon him not to advise him, (according to their original institution,) but merely to keep him from starving. At length he grew weary of acting a part so far beneath him; he plucked up his spirit, by calling to mind the power of his ancestors, cast his enemies into a panic fear, put Presbytery to death, and died soon after he had made himself, in effect, King of England.

His successor, who had not the force of his genius, and had more religion than either he or Clarendon would have thought necessary, was soon outwitted and outdone by faction. He had been used to closetting, favourites, and intrigues, during his former life, in order to secure his rights against the inconvenience of that religion: and after he had mounted the throne with great acclamation, he misplaced his confidence upon those that grew too hard for him at his own weapons. As he had made himself pretty easy in his domestic circumstances, by making up a little demesne of forfeited estates, he was not so entirely at the devotion of his parliament as his predecessors had been; and so began to resume the old prerogatives of the crown, without a sufficient fund of money, or friends, or art, to make

them pass upon a people that had so long looked upon themselves as masters, with a great deal of reason. He did not sink under the mutual villainy of privy council and parliament, like his father; his favourites in the privy council alone were more than enough for him. Deserted by two kingdoms, and attacked by a foreign power; since he was too good-natured to allow any foreign power to support him, he had nothing left but the common people of Ireland, and those remnants of Catholic nobility and gentry there, who had wrested their estates, by favour or interest at court, out of the intricacies of Clarendon's act of settlement: for the infinitely greater number of Irish proprietors, though restored to their lands by the act of repeal, had been bred in so much distress and ignorance, that they could scarce be of any use to him. And so he was obliged to abandon that kingdom to its evil destiny, as the other two had abandoned him.

Now Clarendon's politics began to have their full effect. His posterity was seated on the throne. The republican tares had been sown so thick in the church and state of England, that they choked and overtopped the genuine grain. King James the Second had given a liberty of conscience in general. This, as it was shocking to the established church, was exchanged, by the prevalence of calvinistical and freethinking interlopers, for the softer title of toleration, which has been improved, by a very easy turn of legerdemain, into actual dominion. A great cry was kept up on all sides, about the dangers that threatened the church. The unthinking Tories, or Church of England men, joined in it along with the Whigs, with a view of keeping out Popery. The Whigs heightened it at every turn, not to keep out Popery, which they made use of as a bugbear, but to oblige the church to suppress her true doctrine

and discipline, and let in Presbytery. The Tories were all along the dupes of this farce, and King William, with all his penetration, could not see through the whole plot, or did not go all the lengths he should to favour the Whigs, and thereby secure his own independency on the people. He had a very uneasy time of it, while he laboured in vain to mix parties that never can incorporate. The Whig will never become Tory: the Tory, generally speaking, is not so stubborn. It is true, he never will expose his life or his fortune, by rising to the sublime pitch of a cavalier, which renders any government secure against him. He may drink, and prate, and protest, to get a name among the vulgar; but Clarendon's usage of the loyalists after the Restoration is a sufficient warning to him to keep his own house, and live within the verge of the laws in being. However, as he will not play the fool for church or state, he is extremely wise in regard of himself. Loyalty and religion hang loose enough about him, and he can turn Whig without much difficulty, where he can find a considerable advantage in it. And thus King William, by endeavouring to jumble both parties together, became agreeable to neither; and had shared the same fate with his predecessor, if the war which England necessarily drew upon itself, and the absolute dominion he had over the Seven Provinces, had not kept him on the throne. For since the government of England has been reduced to a democracy by Clarendon, the Whigs must reign alone, or it must be in perpetual convulsions.

That prince had not found out this grand arcanum, which has since been discovered, and put in practice with infallible success; and has rendered his successors, under an air of limitation, as absolute, in fact, as any of our ancient monarchs, or of the present kings of Christendom. It is true, the Tories had a

lucid interval in the last years of Queen Anne; but it could not last, because they never can have spirit enough to play all their game, and fix their fortune. The Whigs, that will ever despise them as a rope of sand, have still art and mettle enough, though they be at the lowest ebb, to frighten, or make them fall together by the ears, and thereby make a jest of all their projects. While the crown has no demesnes, nor any settled revenue, the Tories can never do its business with unanimity and success. The Whigs, whose birthright it is to make the people uneasy and mutinous, can never miss of breaking, or at least thwarting, their measures, under colour of their concern for the grievances and unsupportable taxes laid on the public. But let the prince put himself wholly under their protection, he is perfectly safe, in regard of the Tories; and the Whigs will easily find the method of paying him, and themselves into the bargain, at the expense of the people, and with the most careless contempt of their adversaries. A prime-minister, under the inoffensive title of treasurer or secretary; a privy-council, under the title of parliament, the majority of which is gained over by his art or his largesses, and who, in return, secure the nation, with all its wealth, will, and power, in the most implicit obedience to him, and consequently to his master; does all the business of the crown to a wonder, and reduces the people, by their own consent, to as much slavery as is convenient for all the purposes of the prince.

Thus, in regard of the government, Clarendon's politics are entirely overset. He has ruined one royal family by leaving it at the mercy of the people; he has ruined the rights of the people, by leaving them at the mercy of another, that has been too cunning for him, and found the knack of keeping them, whom he proposed to leave masters for ever, under per-

petual and unlimited subjection, by the help and corruption of their representatives, notwithstanding the addition of new and more irksome limitations of the crown. He had destroyed the Cavaliers at the Restoration; and has given the *coup de grace* to the Tories at the Revolution, which was a child of his own begetting upon the body of the former iniquity.

The world has never seen a frame of government so nicely fitted for all the purposes of the sovereign, as the present constitution of England. The king has not a foot of land; yet all Britain is his property in fact: he is under the most unbecoming restrictions in the eyes of the people; however, he can be as despotic, when he thinks it necessary, as William the Conqueror; provided he save appearances, by letting old forms subsist in the administration, he can turn them to what use he thinks proper, and has no need of very great dexterity in the management. The people flatter themselves with a notion of being free, because they have an air of being represented; and yet it is that very representation makes them slaves. They have no real liberty left, but that of the press; which would soon grow contemptible in their own eyes, if the minister (against whom it is generally directed) had sense enough to despise it. The barons have no shadow of their old authority, only in the vain formality of entering their protests, by half-dozens, against the votes of a vast and a sure majority, that speaks the sense of the minister, while it pretends to speak that of the nation. All this is a riddle,—yet every cobbler in England can unfold it, to no manner of purpose for himself or his country. The charm is irresistible; all the subjects are caught in the snare that Clarendon had laid for the sovereign.

In the meantime, the prince, vested by this magic in as much real state and power as the most arbi-

trary monarch in Europe, has other advantages, which none of them can share with him. The interposition of his parliament screens him from all censure, as well as danger or want. Though he be an arrant knave in his dealings with his people, or a notorious trickster, and breaker of public faith, in regard of his foreign alliances, he is ever absolved by the unthinking world, and the blame thrown entirely on his parliament; which he is still supposed, upon the credit of a received tradition, not to be able to govern or lead into all his honest purposes, though it be, in reality, the best trained, and most easily managed, of any beast of burden in the universe. So that, as things now stand, Clarendon's antimonarchical scheme is like to continue for ever the surest support of tyranny. The Whigs must be the majority in parliament. They alone can be bribed to sell and subdue the people; and a king of Great Britain must be a downright fool, or a madman, not to be on a surer foot of reputation, as well as power, than any other sovereign upon earth. He may be at the head of different alliances at the same time, as well as of different churches; and has a more undisputed right to personal infallibility than the pope. The other monarchies of Europe, originally limited, have become absolute, by the policy of keeping their ancient demesnes, and adding those of the rebellious barons to them from time to time; that of England, by having no demesnes at all.

In this happy circumstance, a King of England, while he is in perfect security at home, can keep his foreign enemies in awe, by the terror of his fleets at sea, and confederacies on the continent; or by sowing corruption in councils and cabinets abroad, which are now as accessible to it, as his parliament. If intrigue should fail, the Whigs by whom he

reigns, will always find him money enough to do the business. In the meantime, he can stand in no manner of apprehension with respect to any part of his subjects, except a distant one, in regard of those established by Clarendon, to wit, the Irish Whigs. These have had earnest longings after independency, both upon the church and state of England, ever since their establishment in Ireland. The division of the vulgar of that country from them, in point of religion, and the long peace of the neighbouring powers with England, have rendered all their views impracticable hitherto. England is mad enough to encourage persecution in that country: and, if they can, by executing the penal laws in all their rigour, force the people at length to be of a piece with them, they may not be long to seek for a proper occasion to withdraw themselves from the dominion of England, as the Portuguese did, some time ago, from that of Spain, though upon the same continent. In that case, as they were founded upon presbytery and fanaticism, the ecclesiastical livings will be no small accession of power and encouragement for them to return to the religion of their fathers. Their honour will be concerned in having a church of their own; and there is nothing so easy as to make five hundred as good as any of those now in being, within the comprehensive system.

Who can think it strange, after all, that Clarendon should reckon the Irish a blind and stupid people, since they could not discover the broad way to their temporal and eternal happiness, as well as he and all his pupils of the present latitude? But, in the name of wonder, since they could have made the way to heaven, notwithstanding the needless burden of their articles of faith, why should they be destroyed in this world merely upon account of them? After having suffered so much for their rebellion against

Cromwell, why should they be made martyrs to their loyalty, when their king was actually on the throne? a man must be stupid indeed not to see through all this mechanism of sacrificing people to God and to the devil at once. But, thanks to their stars! their friend Clarendon is still alive: his spirit of persecution will open their eyes at last, and bring them to their senses. Whenever they can get clear of the devil, in his way, by having little or no religion at all, they will soon become as wise as their neighbours; and, by agreeing among themselves, get clear of England and her church too into the bargain.

Dear Mentor, excuse me for having finished, as folks do generally in their drink, with a dispute about religion; I love religion, with all my soul, where it is sincere; but abhor, above all things, the pretence or abuse of it, to advance any purpose but those that regard the other world. As I have a soul (I hope) to be saved, I have studied all the present religions with care; and, if my creed did not determine me to be a Catholic, I freely own I should be troubled with none of them, because of all the vile and cruel rogueries I have seen them misapplied to. Most of them, for want of authority, are lost in freethinking; others, by arrogating too much authority, vanish into superstition. These two kinds, abandoned to such extremities, have infinitely more business upon earth than ever they are like to have in heaven. The Catholic may be free from either, if he pleases: if he fall into either, he must be knave or fool. The same may be said of a national church, guarded by the civil, and fenced by her own ecclesiastical authority. She may be very catholic, without being enslaved to the decretals and extravagancies of popery; or overlaid by the heavier weight of presbytery; or made the jest and handmaid of

freethinking. It is a general remark, that two of a trade cannot agree. The most sanguine Jesuits, though they are forced to keep some measures, are horribly cried out at by those who pretend to the strictest kind of reformation: yet these, whenever they get the temporal power into their hands, outdo them infinitely in all their arts of double dealing and tyranny. But all our jars are a noise about nothing.—Clarendon, a man of much more religion and sense than either the apostles, fathers, or councils, has discovered, of late, that heresy is only a dream; since, according to him, Catholic and Christian are one and the same thing in fact. So let us burn our books and our schools, for there is an end of controversy. However, let us keep rancour and persecution on foot, with all the zeal of our fathers. There has been, and there is still, something to be got by it.

I own I am a little mad: so Mentor must take nothing ill that I say to him. My patience is exhausted, and I have done all I could to tire his. He must blame his own good nature, that has given me room to vent my spleen. As I have no friend here of genius or freedom of thought enough to comprehend these notions, they had rotted in my breast, and thrown me, perhaps, into some dangerous indisposition, if I had not come out with them. I am now setting out upon an expedition against the Moors, since the modern Christians are too hard for me; and, whatever may be my fate, it is an exceeding comfort to me to have thus discharged my conscience in regard of these, before I enter the lists against their brethren the Mahometans.

As for the blank verses which I recommended so earnestly to the care of Mentor, I now abandon them to his discretion. If he thinks them worth his correction, he will give them to the public as

he proposes, without the name of an author, and with his own, after the epistle, to recommend them. It will do me a great deal of honour, and I will take care it shall do him no manner of mischief. If he neglects publishing them, I shall have the mortification of believing the present I took the liberty to make him not worth his while, or that my present liberty of speech is offensive to him. This must not be. We are all brethren in fact; and no man should be angry at another for using him with all the intimacy of a friend, and opening his whole heart to him without malice or disguise. I beg pardon of Mentor, and of all those great names he mentions, for my censures upon rhyme and raillery, which he may soften or expunge entirely, according to his better judgment. I should be very sorry to make enemies of those whom, of all mankind, I would choose to make my friends. Mr. Pope and I lived in perfect union and familiarity, for two or three summers, before he entered upon the stage of the world, where he has since gained so great and so just an applause. The other geniuses have a right to all my regard, by the merit of sharing the affection and esteem of Mentor, who will do me a great deal of honour, if he allow me any place in so learned and polite a society. Without any compliment, they are fitter for the Augustan age than for this. They are at home, and endeavour to give the world a sense of its follies with great humour and gaiety. The cheerfulness of my temper is, in a great measure, sunk under a long and hopeless exile, which has given it a serious, or, if you will, a supercilious turn. I lash the world with indignation and grief, in the strain of Jeremiah. But the world is grown so inveterate in iniquity, that I fear we shall all lose our labour. It will have just the same effect to flog as to tickle them.—However, if there

be any room for a grave, sullen fellow, that has been one of the merriest fellows in Europe, in Mentor's academy, I offer myself: and, to pay my entrance, as I did in Newgate,* I send him a kilderkin of the best wine on this side of the country, to drink their healths, and mine, if he pleases. I accept, with a great deal of acknowledgments, the present of books offered me by Mentor, and desire he will send along with them Dr. Jonathan Swift's Miscellanies, which they tell me are worth them all. I can give him nothing in return, but some heads of the Saracens of Oran, which I shall be ordered to cut off, because they will not become Christians. I must be their executioner in my own defence; for, with all my spleen and vexation of spirit, I am the most inoffensive creature in the world, in regard of religion. I would not shed one ounce of blood in anger or enmity, or wrong any man living of a cracked sixpence, to make all the world Catholics; yet I am as staunch a one myself as any Pope in the universe. I am all for the primitive church, in which people make proof of their religion only at their own expense. But I laugh with great contempt at those who will force others to heaven their way, in spite of charity.

Though I should be in the deserts of Libya, I can still hear from Mentor. It is not necessary he should submit his criticism or correction to me, since I constitute him my judge, without appeal. The gentleman of my family mentioned by him is the honestest, but the idlest fellow breathing. I cannot even get a letter from him. Thus my reliance for the revising and publishing of those pieces is entirely upon Mentor, whom I embrace with all my heart, this 27th of February, 1732.

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* Where he had been imprisoned as one of the rebels taken at Preston in 1715.

FROM MR. GAY.

March 13, 1731–2.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much yours. The Downs of Amesbury are so smooth, that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I, set out to-morrow morning for Rousham, in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's* cause, if it should come on before our return; the duke will do the same. Her grace, too, has undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your South Sea bonds; there is a year's interest due at Lady-day. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The

* An appeal in dependence in the House of Peers between William Ryves and David Bindon, both merchants in Dublin. The decree, in favour of Mr. Ryves, for whom the Dean appears to have interested himself, was affirmed.

rogueries that have been discovered on some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and, indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the University of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Bromley, without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess;* for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, being the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a-day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

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* The duchess was prevented from filling up the blank by the sudden illness of Lord Drumlanrig: this gives rise to some raillery in the Dean's next letter to her grace, 10th July, 1732.

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TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR. FAULKNER, Deanery-House, March 29, 1732.

WITHOUT the least regard to your wager, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet, called, An Infallible Scheme to Pay the Debts of the Nation;* and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived: and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner, that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor, nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington shewed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not to venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him.

I am, your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the

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* Which was written by Mr. Pilkington, and is founded upon a hint in Gulliver's Travels, for levying a tax upon vices. It would seem the printer took the liberty to investigate the truth of the report, which ascribed this pamphlet to the Dean, under pretext of a wager having been laid on the subject. His presumption in so doing is justly reprehended by the Dean.

papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

—o—

TO LADY ACHESON.

AN APRIL FOOL LETTER.

Saturday Morning, 1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. ——'s house yesterday at dinner in his return from Wicklow.* He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and a mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colics. Mrs. Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monday returns. Adieu, &c. I mend a little.

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* A delightful village in the county of Wicklow, about fourteen miles from Dublin.—F.

FROM LADY ACHESON.

Saturday Morning, 1732.

I AM greatly surprised at the account you gave me of poor Mrs. ——; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. Morris's gout seized her all over on Thursday, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know anything of this matter; they sent a boy yesterday to Dilginney, (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns,) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow.

I am, yours, &c.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one: nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who

hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede,*) save elevenpence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear; and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting; while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at

least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: You are merciful to everything but money your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest.*

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will shew this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news: I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral, he was ninety-six years old; so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among

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* And this sarcasm maugre his boasted skill in shooting, and his poem on Rural Sports!

you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, May 13, 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my style, than my ink, that is so hard to be read: however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ache; and if that would be any hinderance, they shall never have my consent to go back to Ireland, but remain here and be only King of Knowle* and Drayton; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he would not need a remembrancer's office for anything you have spoke to him about: but, however, I will not fail in the part that you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you bestowed on sleeping;

* A fine old seat of the Duke of Dorset's.—H.

one or two of them I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant to it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time; for, when complaisance draws me no farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expense of my breath, in asking, Who plays? Who's called? And what's trumps? and if you can recollect anything of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work or had a book; but as neither sort was the best or most useful, so you will find forty years and a wee bit have done no more good to my head, than it has to my face. Your old friend Biddy is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a sly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do.

The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon Lord George.*

Adieu, for the Duchess, the Countess of Suffolk, Mr. Chardin, and I, are going to quadrille.

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* Lord George Sackville was at that time a student in the university of Dublin.—H.

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